INTRODUCTION TO THE PHÆDO.

This dialogue presents us with an account of the manner in which Socrates spent the last day of his life, and how he met his death. The main subject is that of the soul's immortality, which Socrates takes upon himself to prove with as much certainty as it is possible for the human mind to arrive at. The question itself, though none could be better suited to the occasion, arises simply and naturally from the general conversation that precedes it.

When his friends visit him in the morning for the purpose of spending this his last day with him, they find him sitting up in bed and rubbing his leg, which had just been freed from bonds. He remarks on the unaccountable alternation and connexion between pleasure and pain, and adds that Æsop, had he observed it, would have made a fable from it. This remark reminds Cebes of Socrates' having put some of Æsop's fables into metre since his imprisonment, and he asks, for the satisfaction of the poet Evenus, what had induced him to do so. Socrates explains his reason, and concludes by bidding him tell Evenus to follow him as soon as he can. Simmias expresses his surprise at this message, on which Socrates asks, "Is not Evenus a philosopher?" and on the question being answered in the affirmative, he says, that he or any philosopher would be willing to die, though perhaps he would not commit violence on himself. This, again, seems a contradiction to Simmias, but Socrates explains it by shewing that our souls are placed in the body by God, and may not leave it without His permission. Whereupon Cebes objects, that in that case foolish men only would wish to die and quit the service of the best of masters, to which Simmias agrees. Socra-

tes, therefore, proposes to plead his cause before them, and to shew that there is a great probability that after this life he shall go into the presence of God and good men, and be happy in proportion to the purity of his own mind.

He begins[a] by stating that philosophy itself is nothing else than a preparation for and meditation on death. Death and philosophy have this in common: death separates the soul from the body, philosophy draws off the mind from bodily things to the contemplation of truth and virtue: for he is not a true philosopher who is led away by bodily pleasures, since the senses are the source of ignorance and all evil; the mind, therefore, is entirely occupied in meditating on death, and freeing itself as much as possible from the body. How, then, can such a man be afraid of death? He who grieves at the approach of death cannot be a true lover of wisdom, but is a lover of his body. And, indeed, most men are temperate through intemperance, that is to say, they abstain from some pleasures that they may the more easily and permanently enjoy others. They embrace only a shadow of virtue, not virtue itself, since they estimate the value of all things by the pleasures they afford. Whereas the philosopher purifies his mind from all such things, and pursues virtue and wisdom for their own sakes. This course Socrates himself had pursued to the utmost of his ability, with what success he should shortly know; and on these grounds he did not repine at leaving his friends in this world, being persuaded that in another he should meet with good masters and good friends.

Upon this Cebes[b] says that he agrees with all else that had been said, but cannot help entertaining doubts of what will become of the soul when separated from the body, for the common opinion is that it is dispersed and vanishes like breath or smoke, and no longer exists any where. Socrates, therefore, proposes to enquire into the probability of the case, a fit employment for him under his present circumstances.

[a] § 21—39. [b] § 39, 40.

His first argument[c] is drawn from the ancient belief prevalent amongst men, that souls departing hence exist in Hades, and are produced again from the dead. If this be true, it must follow that our souls are there, for they could not be produced again if they did not exist: and its truth is confirmed by this, that it is a general law of nature that contraries are produced from contraries, the greater from the less, strong from weak, slow from swift, heat from cold, and in like manner life from death, and *vice versâ*. To explain this more clearly, he proceeds to shew that what is changed passes from one state to another, and so undergoes three different states, first the actual state, then the transition, and thirdly the new state, as from a state of sleep, by awaking to being awake: in like manner birth is a transition from a state of death to life, and dying from life to death, so that the soul, by the act of dying, only passes to another state; if it were not so, all nature would in time become dead, just as if people did not awake out of sleep all would at last be buried in eternal sleep. Whence the conclusion is that the souls of men are not annihilated by death.

Cebes[d] agrees to this reasoning, and adds that he is further convinced of its truth by calling to mind an argument used by Socrates on former occasions, that knowledge is nothing but reminiscence, and if this is so, the soul must have existed and had knowledge before it became united to the body.

But in case Simmias should not yet be satisfied, Socrates[e] proceeds to enlarge on this, his second argument, drawn from reminiscence. We daily find that we are carried from the knowledge of one thing to another. Things perceived by the eyes, ears, and other senses, bring up the thought of other things: thus the sight of a lyre or a garment reminds us of a friend, and not only are we thus reminded of sensible objects, but of things which are comprehended by the mind alone, and have no sensitive existence. For we have formed in our minds

[c] § 40—46. [d] § 47. [e] § 48—57.

an idea of abstract equality, of the beautiful, the just, the good, in short, of every thing which we say exists without the aid of the senses, for we use them only in the perception of individual things, whence it follows that the mind did not acquire this knowledge in this life, but must have had it before, and therefore the soul must have existed before.

Simmias and Cebes[f] both agree in admitting that Socrates has proved the pre-existence of the soul, but insist that he has not shewn it to be immortal, for that nothing hinders but that, according to the popular opinion, it may be dispersed at the dissolution of the body. To which Socrates replies, that if their former admissions are joined to his last argument, the immortality, as well as the pre-existence of the soul, has been sufficiently proved. For if it is true that any thing living is produced from that which is dead, then the soul must exist after death, otherwise it could not be produced again.

However to remove the apprehension that the soul may be dispersed by a wind as it were, Socrates proceeds, in his third argument[g], to examine that doubt more thoroughly. What then is meant by being dispersed but being dissolved into its parts? In order therefore to a thing being capable of dispersion it must be compounded of parts. Now there are two kinds of things, one compounded, the other simple, the former kind is subject to change, the latter not, and can be comprehended by the mind alone. The one is visible, the other invisible; and the soul, which is invisible, when it employs the bodily senses wanders and is confused, but when it abstracts itself from the body it attains to the knowledge of that which is eternal, immortal, and unchangeable. The soul, therefore, being uncompounded and invisible must be indissoluble, that is to say immortal.

Still Simmias and Cebes[h] are unconvinced. The former objects, that the soul, according to Socrates' own shewing, is nothing but a harmony resulting from a combination of the

[f] § 55—59. [g] § 61—75. [h] § 76—84.

parts of the body, and so may perish with the body as the harmony of a lyre does when the lyre itself is broken. And Cebes, though he admits that the soul is more durable than the body, yet objects that it is not therefore of necessity immortal but may in time wear out, and it is by no means clear that this is not its last period.

These objections produce a powerful effect on the rest of the company, but Socrates, undismayed, exhorts them not to suffer themselves to be deterred from seeking the truth by any difficulties they may meet with; and then proceeds[i] to shew, in a moment, the fallacy of Simmias' objection. It was before admitted, he says, that the soul existed before the body, but harmony is produced after the lyre is formed, so that the two cases are totally different. And further, there are various degrees of harmony, but every soul is as much a soul as any other. But then what will a person who holds this doctrine, that the soul is harmony, say of virtue and vice in the soul? Will he call them another kind of harmony and discord? If so, he will contradict himself, for it is admitted that one soul is not more or less a soul than another, and therefore one cannot be more or less harmonized than another, and one could not admit of a greater degree of virtue or vice than another; and indeed a soul, being harmony, could not partake of vice at all, which is discord.

Socrates, having thus satisfactorily answered the argument adduced by Simmias, goes on to rebut that of Cebes[k], who objected that the soul might in time wear out. In order to do this, he relates that when a young man he attempted to investigate the causes of every thing, why they exist and why they perish; and in the course of his researches finding the futility of attributing the existence of things to what are called natural causes, he resolved on endeavouring to find out the reasons of things. He therefore assumed that there is a certain abstract beauty, and goodness, and magnitude, and

[i] § 93—99. [k] § 100—112.

so of all other things: the truth of which being granted he thinks he shall be able to prove that the soul is immortal.

This then being conceded by Cebes, Socrates[1] argues that every thing that is beautiful is so from partaking of abstract beauty, and great from partaking of magnitude, and little from partaking of littleness. Now it is impossible he argues that contraries can exist in the same thing at the same time, for instance the same thing cannot possess both magnitude and littleness, but one will withdraw at the approach of the other: and not only so, but things which, though not contrary to each other, yet always contain contraries within themselves cannot co-exist; for instance the number three has no contrary, yet it contains within itself the idea of odd, which is the contrary to even, and so three never can become even; in like manner heat while it is heat can never admit the idea of its contrary, cold. Now if this method of reasoning is applied to the soul it will be found to be immortal; for life and death are contraries, and never can co-exist, but wherever the soul is there is life, so that it contains within itself that which is contrary to death, and consequently can never admit of death; therefore it is immortal.

With this he closes his arguments in support of the soul's immortality. Cebes owns himself convinced, but Simmias, though he is unable to make any objection to the soundness of Socrates' reasoning, cannot help still entertaining doubts on the subject. If, however, the soul is immortal, Socrates proceeds[m], great need is there in this life to endeavour to become as wise and good as possible. For if death were a deliverance from every thing it would be a great gain for the wicked, but since the soul appears to be immortal, it must go to the place suited to its nature. For it is said that each person's demon conducts him to a place where he receives sentence according to his deserts.

He then[n] draws a fanciful picture of the various regions of

[1] § 112—128. [m] § 129—131. [n] § 132—145.

the earth, to which the good and the bad will respectively go after death, and exhorts his friends to use every endeavour to acquire virtue and wisdom in this life, "for," he adds, "the reward is noble and the hope great."

Having thus brought his subject to a conclusion, Socrates proposes to bathe himself, in order not to trouble others to wash his dead body. Crito thereupon asks if he has any commands to give, and especially how he would be buried, to which he, with his usual cheerfulness, makes answer, "Just as you please, if only you can catch me;" and then, smiling, he reminds them that after death he shall be no longer with them, and begs the others of the party to be sureties to Crito for his absence from the body, as they had been before bound for his presence before his judges.

After he had bathed, and taken leave of his children and the women of his family, the officer of the Eleven comes in to intimate to him that it is now time to drink the poison. Crito urges a little delay, as the sun had not yet set, but Socrates refuses to make himself ridiculous by shewing such a fondness for life; the man who is to administer the poison is therefore sent for, and on his holding out the cup, Socrates, neither trembling nor changing colour or countenance at all, but, as he was wont, looking stedfastly at the man, asked if he might make a libation to any one, and being told that no more poison than enough had been mixed, he simply prayed that his departure from this to another world might be happy, and then drank off the poison readily and calmly. His friends, who had hitherto with difficulty restrained themselves, could no longer control the outward expressions of grief, to which Socrates said, "What are you doing, my friends? I, for this reason chiefly, sent away the women, that they might not commit any folly of this kind. For I have heard that it is right to die with good omens. Be quiet, therefore, and bear up."

When he had walked about for a while his legs began to grow heavy, so he laid down on his back, and his body, from

the feet upwards, gradually grew cold and stiff. His last words were, "Crito, we owe a cock to Æsculapius: pay it, therefore, and do not neglect it."

"This," concludes Phædo, "was the end of our friend, a man, as we may say, the best of all his time that we have known, and moreover, the most wise and just."

PHÆDO,

OR

THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.

First Echecrates, Phædo.

Then Sockates, Apollodorus, Cebes, Simmias, and Crito.

Ech. Were you personally present, Phædo, with Socrates on that day when he drank the poison in prison? or did you hear an account of it from some one else?

Phæd. I was there myself, Echecrates.

Ech. What then did he say before his death? and how did he die? for I should be glad to hear: for scarcely any citizen of Phlius[a] ever visits Athens now, nor has any stranger for a long time come from thence, who was able to give us a clear account of the particulars, except that he died from drinking poison; but he was unable to tell us any thing more.

2. *Phæd.* And did you not hear about the trial how it went off?

Ech. Yes; some one told me this; and I wondered, that as it took place so long ago, he appears to have died long afterwards. What was the reason of this, Phædo?

Phæd. An accidental circumstance happened in his favour, Echecrates: for the poop of the ship which the Athenians send to Delos, chanced to be crowned on the day before the trial.

Ech. But what is this ship?

Phæd. It is the ship, as the Athenians say, in which Theseus formerly conveyed the fourteen boys and girls to Crete, and saved both them and himself. They, therefore, made a vow to Apollo on that occasion, as it is said, that if they were saved they would every year despatch a solemn embassy to

[a] Phlius, to which Echecrates belonged, was a town of Sicyonia in Peloponnesus.

Delos; which from that time to the present, they send yearly to the god. 3. When they begin the preparations for this solemn embassy, they have a law that the city shall be purified during this period, and that no public execution shall take place until the ship has reached Delos, and returned to Athens: and this occasionally takes a long time, when the winds happen to impede their passage. The commencement of the embassy is when the priest of Apollo has crowned the poop of the ship. And this was done, as I said, on the day before the trial: on this account Socrates had a long interval in prison between the trial and his death.

4. *Ech.* And what, Phædo, were the circumstances of his death? what was said and done? and who of his friends were with him? or would not the magistrates allow them to be present, but did he die destitute of friends?

Phæd. By no means; but some, indeed several, were present.

Ech. Take the trouble, then, to relate to me all the particulars as clearly as you can, unless you have any pressing business.

Phæd. I am at leisure, and will endeavour to give you a full account: for to call Socrates to mind, whether speaking myself or listening to some one else, is always most delightful to me.

5. *Ech.* And indeed, Phædo, you have others to listen to you who are of the same mind. However, endeavour to relate every thing as accurately as you can.

Phæd. I was indeed wonderfully affected by being present, for I was not impressed with a feeling of pity, like one present at the death of a friend; for the man appeared to me to be happy, Echecrates, both from his manner and discourse, so fearlessly and nobly did he meet his death: so much so, that it occurred to me, that in going to Hades he was not going without a divine destiny, but that when he arrived there he would be happy, if any one ever was. For this reason I was entirely uninfluenced by any feeling of pity, as would seem likely to be the case with one present on so mournful an occasion; nor was I affected by pleasure from being engaged in philosophical discussions, as was our custom; for our conversation was of that kind. But an altogether unaccountable feeling possessed me, a kind of unusual mixture compounded

of pleasure and pain together, when I considered that he was immediately about to die. And all of us who were present were affected in much the same manner, at one time laughing, at another weeping, one of us especially, Apollodorus, for you know the man and his manner.

Ech. How should I not?

6. *Phæd.* He, then, was entirely overcome by these emotions; and I too was troubled, as well as the others.

Ech. But who were present, Phædo?

Phæd. Of his fellow-countrymen, this Apollodorus was present, and Critobulus, and his father Crito, moreover Hermogenes, Epigenes, Æschines, and Antisthenes; Ctesippus the Pæanian, Menexenus, and some other of his countrymen were also there: Plato I think was sick.

Ech. Were any strangers present?

Phæd. Yes: Simmias the Theban, Cebes, and Phædondes: and from Megara, Euclides and Terpsion.

7. *Ech.* But what! were not Aristippus and Cleombrotus present?

Phæd. No: for they were said to be at Ægina.

Ech. Was any one else there?

Phæd. I think that these were nearly all who were present.

Ech. Well now: what do you say was the subject of conversation?

Phæd. I will endeavour to relate the whole to you from the beginning. On the preceding days I and the others were constantly in the habit of visiting Socrates, meeting early in the morning at the court-house where the trial took place, for it was near the prison. 8. Here then we waited every day till the prison was opened, conversing with each other; for it was not opened very early, but, as soon as it was opened we went in to Socrates, and usually spent the day with him. On that occasion however, we met earlier than usual; for on the preceding day, when we left the prison in the evening, we heard that the ship had arrived from Delos. We therefore urged each other to come as early as possible to the accustomed place; accordingly we came, and the porter, who used to admit us, coming out, told us to wait, and not enter until he called us. "For," he said, "the Eleven are now freeing Socrates from his bonds, and announcing to him that he must die today." But in no long time he returned, and bade us enter.

9. When we entered, we found Socrates just freed from his bonds, and Xantippe, you know her, holding his little boy and sitting by him. As soon as Xantippe saw us, she wept aloud and said such things as women usually do on such occasions, as "Socrates, your friends will now converse with you for the last time and you with them." But Socrates, looking towards Crito, said, "Crito, let some one take her home." Upon which some of Crito's attendants led her away, wailing and beating herself.

But Socrates sitting up in bed, drew up his leg, and rubbed it with his hand, and as he rubbed it, said; "What an unaccountable thing, my friends, that seems to be, which men call pleasure; and how wonderfully is it related towards that which appears to be its contrary, pain; in that they will not both be present to a man at the same time, yet, if any one pursues and attains the one, he is almost always compelled to receive the other, as if they were both united together from one head.

10. "And it seems to me," he said, "that if Æsop had observed this he would have made a fable from it, how the deity, wishing to reconcile these warring principles, when he could not do so, united their heads together, and from hence whomsoever the one visits the other attends immediately after; as appears to be the case with me, since I suffered pain in my leg before from the chain, but now pleasure seems to have succeeded."

Hereupon Cebes, interrupting him, said, "By Jupiter, Socrates, you have done well in reminding me: with respect to the poems which you made, by putting into metre those Fables of Æsop and the hymn to Apollo, several other persons asked me, and especially Evenus recently, with what design you made them after you came here, whereas before you had never made any. 11. If, therefore, you care at all that I should be able to answer Evenus, when he asks me again, for I am sure he will do so, tell me what I must say to him."

"Tell him the truth then, Cebes," he replied, "that I did not make them from a wish to compete with him, or his poems, for I knew that this would be no easy matter; but that I might discover the meaning of certain dreams, and discharge my conscience, if this should happen to be the music which they have often ordered me to apply myself to. For they were to the following purport: often in my past life the same dream

visited me, appearing at different times in different forms, yet always saying the same thing. 'Socrates,' it said, 'apply yourself to and practise music.' 12. And I formerly supposed that it exhorted and encouraged me to continue the pursuit I was engaged in, as those who cheer on racers, so that the dream encouraged me to continue the pursuit I was engaged in, namely, to apply myself to music, since philosophy is the highest music, and I was devoted to it. But now since my trial took place, and the festival of the god retarded my death, it appeared to me that, if by chance the dream so frequently enjoined me to apply myself to popular music, I ought not to disobey it but do so, for that it would be safer for me not to depart hence before I had discharged my conscience by making some poems in obedience to the dream. Thus, then, I first of all composed a hymn to the god whose festival was present, and after the god, considering that a poet, if he means to be a poet, ought to make fables and not discourses, and knowing that I was not skilled in making fables, I therefore put into verse those fables of Æsop, which were at hand, and were known to me, and which first occurred to me.

13. Tell this then to Evenus, Cebes, and bid him farewell, and, if he is wise, to follow me as soon as he can. But I depart, as it seems, to-day; for so the Athenians order."

To this Simmias said; "What is this, Socrates, which you exhort Evenus to do? for I often meet with him; and from what I know of him, I am pretty certain that he will not at all be willing to comply with your advice."

"What then," said he, "is not Evenus a philosopher?"

"To me he seems to be so," said Simmias.

"Then he will be willing," rejoined Socrates, "and so will every one who worthily engages in this study; perhaps indeed he will not commit violence on himself, for that they say is not allowable." And as he said this he let down his leg from the bed on the ground, and in this posture continued during the remainder of the discussion.

Cebes then asked him, "What do you mean, Socrates, by saying that it is not lawful to commit violence on one's-self, but that a philosopher should be willing to follow one who is dying?"

14. "What, Cebes, have not you and Simmias, who have conversed familiarly with Philolaus[b] on this subject, heard?"

[b] A Pythagorean of Crotona.

"Nothing very clearly, Socrates."

"I however speak only from hearsay; what then I have heard I have no scruple in telling. And perhaps it is most becoming for one who is about to travel there, to enquire and speculate about the journey thither, what kind we think it is. What else can one do in the interval before sunset?"

"Why then, Socrates, do they say that it is not allowable to kill one's-self? for I, as you asked just now, have heard both Philolaus, when he lived with us, and several others say that it was not right to do this; but I never heard any thing clear upon the subject from any one."

15. "Then you should consider it attentively," said Socrates, "for perhaps you may hear: probably however, it will appear wonderful to you, if this alone of all other things is an universal truth [c], and it never happens to a man, as is the case in all other things, that at sometimes and to some persons only it is better to die than to live; yet that these men for whom it is better to die—this probably will appear wonderful to you—may not without impiety do this good to themselves, but must await another benefactor."

16. Then Cebes, gently smiling, said, speaking in his own dialect [d], "Jove be witness."

"And indeed," said Socrates, "it would appear to be unreasonable, yet still perhaps it has some reason on its side. The maxim indeed given on this subject in the mystical doctrines [e], that we men are in a kind of prison, and that we ought not to free ourselves from it and escape, appears to me difficult to be understood, and not easy to penetrate. This however appears to me, Cebes, to be well said, that the gods take care of us, and that we men are one of their possessions. Does it not seem so to you?"

"It does," replied Cebes.

"Therefore," said he, "if one of your slaves were to kill himself, without your having intimated that you wished him to die, should you not be angry with him, and should you not punish him if you could?"

"Certainly," he replied.

[c] Namely, "that it is better to die than live."
[d] Ἴττω Bœotian for ἴστω.
[e] Of Pythagoras.

"Perhaps then in this point of view, it is not unreasonable to assert, that a man ought not to kill himself before the deity lays him under a necessity of doing so, such as that now laid on me."

17. "This, indeed," said Cebes, "appears to be probable. But what you said just now, Socrates, that philosophers should be very willing to die, appears to be an absurdity, if what we said just now is agreeable to reason, that it is God who takes care of us, and that we are his property. For that the wisest men should not be grieved at leaving that service in which they govern them who are the best of all masters, namely the gods, is not consistent with reason. For surely he cannot think that he will take better care of himself when he has become free: but a foolish man might perhaps think thus, that he should fly from his master, and would not reflect that he ought not to fly from a good one, but should cling to him as much as possible, therefore he would fly against all reason: but a man of sense would desire to be constantly with one better than himself. Thus, Socrates, the contrary of what you just now said is likely to be the case; for it becomes the wise to be grieved at dying, but the foolish to rejoice."

18. Socrates, on hearing this, appeared to me to be pleased with the pertinacity of Cebes, and looking towards us, said, "Cebes, you see, always searches out arguments, and is not at all willing to admit at once any thing one has said."

Whereupon Simmias replied; "But indeed, Socrates, Cebes appears to me, now, to say something to the purpose: for with what design should men really wise fly from masters who are better than themselves, and so readily leave them? And Cebes appears to me to direct his argument against you, because you so easily endure to abandon both us, and those good rulers, as you yourself confess, the gods."

"You speak justly," said Socrates, "for I think you mean that I ought to make my defence to this charge, as if I were in a court of justice."

"Certainly," replied Simmias.

19. "Come then," said he, "I will endeavour to defend myself more successfully before you than before the judges. For," he proceeded, "Simmias and Cebes, if I did not think that I should go first of all amongst other deities who are both wise and good, and, next, amongst men who have de-

parted this life, better than any here, I should be wrong in not grieving at death: but now be assured, I hope to go amongst good men, though I would not positively assert it; that, however, I shall go amongst gods who are perfectly good masters, be assured I can positively assert this, if I can any thing of the kind. So that, on this account, I am not so much troubled, but I entertain a good hope that something awaits those who die, and that, as was said long since, it will be far better for the good than the evil."

20. "What then, Socrates," said Simmias, "would you go away keeping this persuasion to yourself, or would you impart it to us? For this good appears to me to be also common to us; and at the same time it will be an apology for you, if you can persuade us to believe what you say."

"I will endeavour to do so," he said. "But first let us attend to Crito here, and see what it is he seems to have for some time wished to say."

"What else, Socrates," said Crito, "but what he who is to give you the poison told me some time ago, that I should tell you to speak as little as possible? For he says that men become too much heated by speaking, and that nothing of this kind ought to interfere with the poison, and that otherwise, those who did so were sometimes compelled to drink two or three times."

To which Socrates replied, "Let him alone, and let him attend to his own business, and prepare to give it me twice, or, if occasion requires, even thrice."

21. "I was almost certain what you would say," answered Crito, "but he has been some time pestering me."

"Never mind him," he rejoined.

"But now I wish to render an account to you, my judges, of the reason why a man who has really devoted his life to philosophy, when he is about to die, appears to me, on good grounds, to have confidence, and to entertain a firm hope that the greatest good will befal him in the other world, when he has departed this life. How then this comes to pass, Simmias and Cebes, I will endeavour to explain.

"For as many as rightly apply themselves to philosophy seem to have left all others in ignorance, that they aim at nothing else than to die and be dead. If this then is true, it would surely be absurd to be anxious about nothing else than

this during their whole life, but, when it arrives, to be grieved at what they have been long anxious about and aimed at."

22. Upon this, Simmias, smiling, said, "By Jupiter, Socrates, though I am not now at all inclined to smile, you have made me do so; for I think that the multitude, if they heard this, would think it was very well said in reference to philosophers, and that our countrymen particularly would agree with you, that true philosophers do desire death, and that they are by no means ignorant that they deserve to suffer it."

"And indeed, Simmias, they would speak the truth, except in asserting that they are not ignorant; for they are ignorant of the sense in which true philosophers desire to die, and in what sense they deserve death, and what kind of death. But," he said, "let us take leave of them, and speak to one another. Do we think that death is any thing?"

"Certainly," replied Simmias.

23. "Is it any thing else than the separation of the soul from the body? and is not this to die, for the body to be apart by itself separated from the soul, and for the soul to subsist apart by itself separated from the body? Is death any thing else than this?"

"No, but this," he replied.

"Consider then, my good friend, whether you are of the same opinion as me; for thus I think we shall understand better the subject we are considering. Does it appear to you to be becoming in a philosopher to be anxious about pleasures, as they are called, such as meats and drinks?"

"By no means, Socrates," said Simmias.

"But what? about the pleasures of love?"

"Not at all."

24. "What then? does such a man appear to you to think other bodily indulgences of value? for instance, does he seem to you to value or despise the possession of magnificent garments and sandals, and other ornaments of the body, except so far as necessity compels him to use them?"

"The true philosopher," he answered, "appears to me to despise them."

"Does not then," he continued, "the whole employment of such a man appear to you to be, not about the body, but to separate himself from it as much as possible, and be occupied about his soul?"

"It does."

"First of all then, in such matters, does not the philosopher, above all other men, evidently free his soul as much as he can from communion with the body?"

"It appears so."

25. "And it appears, Simmias, to the generality of men, that he who takes no pleasure in such things, and who does not use them, does not deserve to live; but that he nearly approaches to death who cares nothing for the pleasures that subsist through the body."

"You speak very truly."

"But what with respect to the acquisition of wisdom, is the body an impediment or not, if any one takes it with him as a partner in the search? What I mean is this: Do sight and hearing convey any truth to men, or are they such as the poets constantly sing, who say that we neither hear nor see any thing with accuracy? If however these bodily senses are neither accurate nor clear, much less can the others be so: for they are all far inferior to these. Do they not seem so to you?"

"Certainly," he replied.

26. "When then," said he, "does the soul light on the truth? for, when it attempts to consider any thing in conjunction with the body, it is plain that it is then led astray by it."

"You say truly."

"Must it not then be by reasoning, if at all, that any of the things that really are become known to it?"

"Yes."

"And surely the soul then reasons best when none of these things disturb it, neither hearing, nor sight, nor pain, nor pleasure of any kind, but it retires as much as possible within itself, taking leave of the body, and, as far as it can, not communicating or being in contact with it, it aims at the discovery of that which is."

"Such is the case."

"Does not then the soul of the philosopher, in these cases, despise the body, and flee from it, and seek to retire within itself?"

"It appears so."

"But what as to such things as these, Simmias? Do we say that justice itself is something or nothing?"

"We say it is something, by Jupiter."

" And that beauty and goodness are something ?".

" How not ?"

" Now then have you ever seen any thing of this kind with your eyes ?"

" By no means," he replied.

" Did you ever lay hold of them by any other bodily sense ? but I speak generally, as of magnitude, health, strength, and, in a word, of the essence of every thing, that is to say, what each is. Is then the exact truth of these perceived by means of the body, or is it thus, whoever amongst us habituates himself to reflect most deeply and accurately on each several thing about which he is considering, he will make the nearest approach to the knowledge of it ?"

" Certainly."

28. " Would not he, then, do this with the utmost purity, who should in the highest degree approach each subject by means of the mere mental faculties, neither employing the sight in conjunction with the reflective faculty, nor introducing any other sense together with reasoning ; but who, using pure reflection by itself, should attempt to search out each essence purely by itself, freed as much as possible from the eyes and ears, and, in a word, from the whole body, as disturbing the soul, and not suffering it to acquire truth and wisdom, when it is in communion with it. Is not he the person, Simmias, if any one can, who will arrive at the knowledge of that which is ?"

29. " You speak with wonderful truth, Socrates," replied Simmias.

"Wherefore," he said, "it necessarily follows from all this, that some such opinion as this should be entertained by genuine philosophers, so that they should speak among themselves as follows : 'A by-path, as it were, seems to lead us on in our researches undertaken by reason,' because as long as we are encumbered with the body, and our soul is contaminated with such an evil, we can never fully attain to what we desire ; and this, we say, is truth. For the body subjects us to innumerable hindrances on account of its necessary support, and moreover if any diseases befal us, they impede us in our search after that which is ; and it fills us with longings, desires, fears, all kinds of fancies, and a multitude of absurdities, so that, as it is said in real truth, by reason of the body it is never possible for us to make any ad-

vances in wisdom. 30. "For nothing else but the body and its desires occasion wars, seditions, and contests; for all wars amongst us arise on account of our desire to acquire wealth; and we are compelled to acquire wealth on account of the body, being enslaved to its service; and consequently on all these accounts we are hindered in the pursuit of philosophy. But the worst of all is, that if it leaves us any leisure, and we apply ourselves to the consideration of any subject, it constantly obtrudes itself in the midst of our researches, and occasions trouble and disturbance, and confounds us so that we are not able by reason of it to discern the truth. It has then in reality been demonstrated to us, that if we are ever to know any thing purely, we must be separated from the body, and contemplate the things themselves by the mere soul. And then, as it seems, we shall obtain that which we desire, and which we profess ourselves to be lovers of, wisdom, when we are dead, as reason shews, but not while we are alive. 31. For if it is not possible to know any thing purely in conjunction with the body, one of these two things must follow, either that we can never acquire knowledge, or only after we are dead; for then the soul will subsist apart by itself, separate from the body, but not before. And while we live, we shall thus, as it seems, approach nearest to knowledge, if we hold no intercourse or communion at all with the body, except what absolute necessity requires, nor suffer ourselves to be polluted by its nature, but purify ourselves from it, until God himself shall release us. And thus being pure, and freed from the folly of body, we shall in all likelihood be with others like ourselves, and shall of ourselves know the whole real essence, and that probably is truth; for it is not allowable for the impure to attain to the pure. Such things, I think, Simmias, all true lovers of wisdom must both think and say to one another. Does it not seem so to you?"

"Most assuredly, Socrates."

32. "If this then," said Socrates, "is true, my friend, there is great hope for one who arrives where I am going, there, if any where, to acquire that in perfection for the sake of which we have taken so much pains during our past life; so that the journey now appointed me is set out upon with good hope, and will be so by any other man who thinks that his mind has been as it were purified."

"Certainly," said Simmias.

"But does not purification consist in this, as was said in a former part of our discourse, in separating as much as possible the soul from the body, and in accustoming it to gather and collect itself by itself on all sides apart from the body, and to dwell, as far as it can, both now and hereafter, alone by itself, delivered as it were from the shackles of the body?"

"Certainly," he replied.

33. "Is this then called death, this deliverance and separation of the soul from the body?"

"Assuredly," he answered.

"But, as we affirmed, those who pursue philosophy rightly, are especially and alone desirous to deliver it, and this is the very study of philosophers, the deliverance and separation of the soul from the body, is it not?"

"It appears so."

"Then, as I said at first, would it not be ridiculous for a man who has endeavoured throughout his life to live as near as possible to death, then, when death arrives, to grieve? would not this be ridiculous?"

"How should it not?"

"In reality then, Simmias," he continued, "those who pursue philosophy rightly study to die; and to them of all men death is least formidable. Judge from this. Since they altogether hate the body and desire to keep the soul by itself, would it not be irrational if, when this comes to pass, they should be afraid and grieve, and not be glad to go to that place, where on their arrival they may hope to obtain that which they longed for throughout life; but they longed for wisdom; and to be freed from association with that which they hated? 34. Have many of their own accord wished to descend into Hades, on account of human objects of affection, their wives and sons, induced by this very hope of there seeing and being with those whom they have loved; and shall one who really loves wisdom, and firmly cherishes this very hope, that he shall no where else attain it in a manner worthy of the name, except in Hades, be grieved at dying, and not gladly go there? We must think that he would gladly go, my friend, if he be in truth a philosopher; for he will be firmly persuaded of this, that he will no where else but there attain wisdom in its purity; and if this be so, would it not be

very irrational, as I just now said, if such a man were to be afraid of death?"

"Very much so, by Jupiter," he replied.

35. "Would not this then," he resumed, "be a sufficient proof to you, with respect to a man whom you should see grieved when about to die, that he was not a lover of wisdom but a lover of his body? and this same person is probably a lover of riches and a lover of honour, one or both of these."

"It certainly is as you say," he replied.

"Does not then," he said, "that which is called fortitude, Simmias, eminently belong to philosophers?"

"By all means," he answered.

"And temperance also, which even the multitude call temperance, and which consists in not being carried away by the passions, but in holding them in contempt, and keeping them in subjection, does not this belong to those only who most despise the body, and live in the study of philosophy?"

"Necessarily so," he replied.

36. "For," he continued, "if you will consider the fortitude and temperance of others, they will appear to you to be absurd."

"How so, Socrates?"

"Do you know," he said, "that all others consider death among the great evils?"

"They do indeed," he answered.

"Then do the brave amongst them endure death, when they do endure it, through dread of greater evils?"

"It is so."

"All men, therefore, except philosophers, are brave through being afraid and fear; though it is absurd that any one should be brave through fear and cowardice."

"Certainly."

"But what, are not those amongst them who keep their passions in subjection, affected in the same way? and are they not temperate through a kind of intemperance? and although we may say, perhaps, that this is impossible, nevertheless the manner in which they are affected with respect to this silly temperance resembles this; for, fearing to be deprived of other pleasures, and desiring them, they abstain from some, being mastered by others. And though they call intemperance

the being governed by pleasures, yet it happens to them that, by being mastered by some pleasures, they master others; and this is similar to what was just now said, that in a certain manner they become temperate through intemperance."

"So it seems."

37. "My dear Simmias, consider that this is not a right exchange for virtue, to barter pleasures for pleasures, pains for pains, fear for fear, and the greater for the lesser, like pieces of money; but that that alone is the right coin, for which we ought to barter all these things, wisdom; and for this, and with this every thing is in reality bought and sold, fortitude, temperance, and justice, and, in a word, true virtue subsists with wisdom, whether pleasures and fears, and every thing else of the kind, are present or absent; but when separated from wisdom, and changed one for another, consider whether such virtue is not a mere outline, and in reality servile, possessing neither soundness nor truth; but the really true virtue is a purification from all such things, and temperance, justice, fortitude, and wisdom itself, are a kind of initiatory purification. 38. And those who instituted the mysteries for us appear to have been by no means contemptible, but in reality to have intimated long since that whoever shall arrive in Hades unexpiated and uninitiated shall lie in mud, but he that arrives there purified and initiated, shall dwell with the gods. 'For there are,' say those who preside at the mysteries, 'many wand-bearers, but few inspired.' These last, in my opinion, are no other than those who have pursued philosophy rightly: that I might be of their number, I have, to the utmost of my ability, left no means untried, but have endeavoured to the utmost of my power. But whether I have endeavoured rightly and have in any respect succeeded, on arriving there I shall know clearly, if it please God, very shortly, as it appears to me.

39. "Such then, Simmias and Cebes," he added, "is the defence I make, for that I, on good grounds, do not repine or grieve at leaving you and my masters here, being persuaded that there, no less than here, I shall meet with good masters and friends. But to the multitude this is incredible. If however I have succeeded better with you in my defence than I did with the Athenian judges, it is well."

When Socrates had thus spoken, Cebes, taking up the dis-

cussion said, "Socrates, all the rest appears to me to be said rightly, but what you have said respecting the soul will occasion much incredulity in many from the apprehension that, when it is separated from the body, it no longer exists any where, but is destroyed and perishes on the very day in which a man dies, and that immediately it is separated and goes out from the body, it is dispersed and vanishes like breath or smoke, and is no longer any where; since, if it remained any where united in itself, and freed from those evils which you have just now enumerated, there would be an abundant and good hope, Socrates, that what you say is true. 40. But this probably needs no little persuasion and proof, that the soul of a man who dies, exists, and possesses activity and intelligence."

"You say truly, Cebes," said Socrates, "but what shall we do? Are you willing that we should converse on these points, whether such is probably the case or not?"

"Indeed," replied Cebes, "I should gladly hear your opinion on these matters."

"I do not think," said Socrates, "that any one who should now hear us, even though he were a comic poet, would say that I am talking idly, or discoursing on subjects that do not concern me. If you please, then, we will examine into it. Let us consider it in this point of view, whether the souls of men who are dead exist in Hades, or not. This is an ancient saying, which we now call to mind, that souls departing hence exist there, and return hither again, and are produced from the dead. 41. And if this is so, that the living are produced again from the dead, can there be any other consequence than that our souls are there? for surely they could not be produced again if they did not exist; and this would be a sufficient proof that these things are so, if it should in reality be evident that the living are produced from no other source than the dead. But, if this is not the case, there will be need of other arguments."

"Certainly," said Cebes.

"You must not, then," he continued, "consider this only with respect to men, if you wish to ascertain it with greater certainty, but also with respect to all animals and plants, and, in a word, with respect to every thing that is subject to generation, let us see whether they are not all so produced, no

otherwise than contraries from contraries, wherever they have any such quality, as for instance the honourable is contrary to the base, and the just to the unjust, and so with ten thousand other things. 42. Let us consider this, then, whether it is necessary that all things which have a contrary should be produced from nothing else than their contrary. As for instance, when any thing becomes greater is it not necessary that, from being previously smaller, it afterwards became greater?"

"Yes."

"And if it becomes smaller, will it not, from being previously greater, afterwards become smaller?"

"It is so," he replied.

"And from stronger, weaker? and from slower, swifter?"

"Certainly."

"What then? if any thing becomes worse, must it not become so from better? and if more just, from more unjust?"

"How should it not?"

"We have then," he said, "sufficiently determined this, that all things are thus produced, contraries from contraries?"

"Certainly."

"What next? is there also something of this kind in them, for instance, between all two contraries a mutual twofold production, from one to the other, and from that other back again? for between a greater thing and a smaller there is increase and decrease, and do we not accordingly call the one to increase, the other to decrease?"

"Yes," he replied.

43. "And must not to be separated and commingled, to grow cold and to grow warm, and every thing in the same manner, even though sometimes we have not names to designate them, yet in fact be every where thus circumstanced of necessity, as to be produced from each other, and be subject to a reciprocal generation?"

"Certainly," he replied.

"What then?" said Socrates, "has life any contrary, as waking has its contrary, sleeping?"

"Certainly," he answered.

"What?"

"Death," he replied.

"Are not these, then, produced from each other, since they

are contraries, and are not the modes by which they are produced twofold, intervening between these two?"

"How should it be otherwise?"

"I then," continued Socrates, "will describe to you one pair of the contraries which I have just now mentioned, both what it is and its mode of production; and do you describe to me the other. I say that one is to sleep, the other to awake; and from sleeping awaking is produced, and from awaking sleeping, and that the modes of their production are the one to fall asleep, the other to be roused. 44. Have I sufficiently explained this to you or not?"

"Certainly."

"Do you then," he said, "describe to me, in the same manner, with respect to life and death? Do you not say that life is contrary to death?"

"I do."

"Yes."

"And that they are produced from each other?"

"What then, is produced from life?"

"Death," he replied.

"What, then," said he, "is produced from death?'

"I must needs confess," he replied, "that life is."

"From the dead, then, O Cebes, living things and living men, are produced."

"It appears so," he said.

"Our souls, therefore," said Socrates, "exist in Hades."

"So it seems."

"With respect, then, to their mode of production, is not one of them very clear? for to die surely is clear? is it not?"

"Certainly," he replied.

"What then shall we do?" he continued; "shall we not find a corresponding contrary mode of production, or will nature be defective in this? Or must we discover a contrary mode of production to dying?"

"By all means," he said.

"What is this?"

"To revive."

"Therefore," he proceeded, "if there is such a thing as to revive, will not this reviving be a mode of production from the dead to the living?"

"Certainly."

"Thus, then, we have agreed, that the living are produced from the dead, no less than the dead from the living: but, this being the case, there appears to me sufficient proof that the souls of the dead must necessarily exist somewhere, from whence they are again produced."

45. "It appears to me, Socrates," he said, "that this must necessarily follow from what has been admitted."

"See now, O Cebes," he said, "that we have not agreed on these things improperly, as it appears to me: for if one class of things were not constantly given back in the place of another, revolving as it were in a circle, but generation were direct from one thing alone into its opposite, and did not turn round again to the other, or retrace its course, do you know that all things would at length have the same form, be in the same state, and cease to be produced?"

"How say you?" he asked.

"It is by no means difficult," he replied, "to understand what I mean; if, for instance, there should be such a thing as falling asleep, but no reciprocal waking again produced from a state of sleep, you know that at length all things would shew the fable of Endymion to be a jest, and it would be thought nothing at all of, because every thing else would be in the same state as him, namely, asleep. And if all things were mingled together, but never separated, that doctrine of Anaxagoras would soon be verified, 'all things would be together.' 46. Likewise, my dear Cebes, if all things that partake of life should die, and after they are dead should remain in this state of death, and not revive again, would it not necessarily follow that at length all things should be dead, and nothing alive? for if living beings are produced from other things, and living beings die, what could prevent their being all absorbed in death?"

"Nothing whatever, I think, Socrates," replied Cebes, "but you appear to me to speak the exact truth."

"For, Cebes," he continued, "as it seems to me, such undoubtedly is the case, and we have not admitted these things under a delusion, but it is in reality true that there is a reviving again, that the living are produced from the dead, that the souls of the dead exist, and that the condition of the good is better, and of the evil, worse."

47. "And indeed," said Cebes, interrupting him, "according

to that doctrine, Socrates, which you are frequently in the habit of advancing, if it is true, that our learning is nothing else than reminiscence, according to this it is surely necessary that we must at some former time have learned what we now remember. But this is impossible, unless our soul existed somewhere before it came into this human form; so that from hence also the soul appears to be something immortal."

"But, Cebes," said Simmias, interrupting him, "what proofs are there of these things? remind me of them, for I do not very well remember them at present."

48. "It is proved," said Cebes, "by one argument, and that a most beautiful one, that men, when questioned, if one questions them properly, of themselves describe all things as they are: however, if they had not innate knowledge and right reason, they would never be able to do this. Moreover, if one leads them to diagrams, or any thing else of the kind, it is then most clearly apparent that this is the case."

"But if you are not persuaded in this way, Simmias," said Socrates, "see if you will agree with us on considering the matter thus. For do you doubt how that which is called learning is reminiscence?"

"I do not doubt," said Simmias, "but I require this very thing of which we are speaking, to be reminded; and indeed, from what Cebes has begun to say, I almost now remember, and am persuaded; nevertheless, however, I should like to hear now how you would attempt to prove it."

"I do it thus," he replied: "we admit surely that if any one be reminded of any thing, he must needs have known that thing at some time or other before."

"Certainly," he said.

49. "Do we then admit this also, that when knowledge comes in a certain manner it is reminiscence? But the manner I mean is this; if any one, upon seeing or hearing, or perceiving through the medium of any other sense, some particular thing, should not only know that, but also form an idea of something else, of which the knowledge is not the same, but different, should we not justly say, that he remembered that of which he received the idea?"

"How mean you?"

"For instance; the knowledge of a man is different from that of a lyre."

"How not?"

"Do you not know, then, that lovers when they see a lyre, or a garment, or any thing else which their favourite is accustomed to use, are thus affected; they both recognise the lyre, and receive in their minds the form of the person to whom the lyre belonged? This is reminiscence: just as any one, seeing Simmias, is often reminded of Cebes, and so in an infinite number of similar instances."

"An infinite number indeed, by Jupiter," said Simmias.

"Is not then," he said, "something of this sort a kind of reminiscence? especially when one is thus affected with respect to things which, from lapse of time, and not thinking of them, one has now forgotten?"

"Certainly," he replied.

50. "But what?" he continued, "does it happen, that when one sees a painted horse or a painted lyre, one is reminded of a man, and that when one sees a picture of Simmias one is reminded of Cebes!"

"Certainly."

"And does it not also happen, that on seeing a picture of Simmias one is reminded of Simmias himself?"

"It does indeed," he replied.

"Does it not happen, then, according to all this, that reminiscence arises partly from things like, and partly from things unlike?"

"It does."

"But when one is reminded by things like, is it not necessary that one should be thus further affected, so as to perceive whether, as regards likeness, this falls short or not of the thing of which one has been reminded?"

"It is necessary," he replied.

"Consider, then," said Socrates, "if the case is thus. Do we allow that there is such a thing as equality? I do not mean of one log with another, nor one stone with another, nor any thing else of this kind, but something altogether different from all these, abstract equality; do we allow that there is any such thing or not?"

"By Jupiter, we most assuredly do allow it," replied Simmias.

51. "And do we know what it is itself?"

"Certainly," he replied.

"Whence have we derived the knowledge of it? Is it not from the things we have just now mentioned, and that from seeing logs, or stones, or other things of the kind, equal, we have from these formed an idea of that which is different from these? for does it not appear to you to be different? Consider the matter thus. Do not stones that are equal, and logs sometimes that are the same, appear at one time equal, and at another not?"

"Certainly."

"But what? does abstract equality ever appear to you unequal? or equality inequality?"

"Never, Socrates, at any time."

"These equal things, then," he said, "and abstract equality, are not the same?"

"By no means, Socrates, as it appears."

"However, from these equal things," he said, "which are different from that abstract equality, have you not formed your idea and derived your knowledge of it?"

"You speak most truly," he replied.

"Is it not, therefore, from its being like or unlike them?"

"Certainly."

"But it makes no difference," he said. "When, therefore, on seeing one thing, you form, from the sight of it, the notion of another, whether like or unlike, this," he said, "must necessarily be reminiscence."

"Certainly."

52. "What, then, as to this?" he continued; "are we affected in any such way with regard to logs and the equal things we have just now spoken of? and do they appear to us to be equal in the same manner as abstract equality itself is, or do they fall short in some degree, or not at all, of being such as equality itself is?"

"They fall far short," he replied.

"Do we admit, then, that when one, on beholding some particular thing, perceives that it aims, as that which I now see, at being like something else that exists, but falls short of it, and cannot become such as that is, but is inferior to it, do we admit that he who perceives this must necessarily have had a previous knowledge of that which he says it resembles, though imperfectly?"

"It is necessary."

"What then? are we affected in some such way, or not, with respect to things equal and abstract equality itself?"

"Assuredly."

"It is necessary, therefore, that we must have known abstract equality before the time when on first seeing equal things, we perceived that they all aimed at resembling equality, but failed in doing so."

"Such is the case."

53. "Moreover, we admit this too, that we perceived this, and could not possibly perceive it by any other means than the sight, or touch, or some other of the senses: for I say the same of them all."

"For they are the same, Socrates, so far as our argument is concerned."

"However, we must perceive by means of the senses, that all things which come under the senses aim at that abstract equality, and yet fall short of it: or how shall we say it is?"

"Even so."

"Before, then, we began to see, and hear, and use our other senses, we must have had a knowledge of equality itself, what it is, if we were to refer to it those equal things that come under the senses, and observe that all such things aim at resembling that, but fall far short of it."

"This necessarily follows, Socrates, from what has been already said."

"But did we not, as soon as we were born, see and hear, and possess our other senses?"

"Certainly."

"But, we have said, before we possessed these, we must have had a knowledge of abstract equality?"

"Yes."

"We must have had it, then, as it seems, before we were born."

"It seems so."

54. "If, therefore, having this before we were born, we were born possessing it, we knew both before we were born, and as soon as we were born, not only the equal and the greater and smaller, but all things of the kind; for our present discussion is not more respecting equality than the beautiful itself, the good, the just, and the holy, and in one word, respecting every thing which we mark with the seal of existence, both in

the questions we ask, and the answers we give. So that we must necessarily have had a knowledge of all these before we were born."

"Such is the case."

"And if, having once had it, we did not constantly forget it, we should always be born with this knowledge, and should always retain it through life: for to know is this, when one has got a knowledge of any thing, to retain and not lose it; for do we not call this oblivion, Simmias, the loss of knowledge?"

"Assuredly, Socrates," he replied.

55. "But if, having had it before we were born, we lose it at our birth, and afterwards, through exercising the senses about these things, we recover the knowledge which we once before possessed, would not that which we call learning be a recovery of our own knowledge? and in saying that this is to remember should we not say rightly?"

"Certainly."

"For this appeared to be possible, for one having perceived any thing, either by seeing or hearing, or employing any other sense, to form an idea of something different from this, which he had forgotten, and with which this was connected by being unlike or like. So that, as I said, one of these two things must follow, either we are all born with this knowledge, and we retain it through life, or those whom we say learn afterwards do nothing else but remember, and this learning will be reminiscence."

"Such certainly is the case, Socrates."

56. "Which, then, do you choose, Simmias: that we are born with knowledge, or that we afterwards remember what we had formerly known?"

"At present, Socrates, I am unable to choose?"

"But what? are you able to choose in this case, and what do you think about it? Can a man, who possesses knowledge, give a reason for the things that he knows, or not?"

"He needs must be able to do so, Socrates," he replied.

"And do all men appear to you, to be able to give a reason for the things of which we have just now been speaking?"

"I wish they could," said Simmias; "but I am much more afraid, that at this time to-morrow, there will no longer be any one able to do this properly."

"Do not all men then, Simmias," he said, "seem to you to know these things?"

"By no means."

"Do they remember, then, what they once learned?"

"Necessarily so."

"When did our souls receive this knowledge? not surely, since we were born into the world."

"Assuredly not."

"Before then."

"Yes."

"Our souls therefore, Simmias, existed before they were in a human form, separate from bodies, and possessed intelligence."

57. "Unless, Socrates, we receive this knowledge at our birth, for this period yet remains."

"Be it so, my friend. But at what other time do we lose it? for we are not born with it, as we have just now admitted. Do we lose it then at the very time in which we receive it? Or can you mention any other time?"

"By no means, Socrates: I was not aware that I was saying nothing to the purpose."

"Does the case then stand thus with us, Simmias," he proceeded. "If those things which we are continually talking about really exist, the beautiful, the good, and every such essence, and to this we refer all things that come under the senses, as finding it to have a prior existence, and to be our own, and if we compare these things to it, it necessarily follows, that as these exist, so likewise our soul exists even before we are born; but if these do not exist this discussion will have been undertaken in vain. Is it not so? and is there not an equal necessity, both that these things should exist, and our souls also before we are born, and if not the former neither the latter?"

58. "Most assuredly, Socrates," said Simmias, "there appears to me to be the same necessity, and the argument admirably tends to prove that our souls exist before we are born, just as that essence does which you have now mentioned. For I hold nothing so clear to me as this, that all such things most certainly exist, as the beautiful, the good, and all the rest that you just now spoke of; and as far as I am concerned the case is sufficiently demonstrated."

"But how does it appear to Cebes," said Socrates; "for it is necessary to persuade Cebes too."

"He is sufficiently persuaded, I think," said Simmias, "although he is the most pertinacious of men in distrusting arguments. Yet I think he is sufficiently persuaded of this, that our soul existed before we were born. But whether when we are dead, it will still exist, does not appear to me to have been demonstrated, Socrates," he continued, "but that popular doubt, which Cebes just now mentioned, still stands in our way, whether, when a man dies, the soul is not dispersed, and this is the end of its existence. 59. For what hinders its being born, and formed from some other source, and existing before it came into a human body, and yet when it has come, and is separated from this body, its then also dying itself, and being destroyed?"

"You say well, Simmias," said Cebes; "for it appears that only one half of what is necessary has been demonstrated, namely, that our soul existed before we were born: but it is necessary to demonstrate further, that when we are dead, it will exist no less than before we were born, if the demonstration is to be made complete."

"This has been even now demonstrated, Simmias and Cebes," said Socrates, "if you will only connect this last argument with that which we before assented to, that every thing living is produced from that which is dead. For if the soul exists before, and it is necessary for it when it enters into life, and is born, to be produced from nothing else than death, and from being dead, how is it not necessary for it also to exist after death, since it must needs be produced again? 60. What you require then, has been already demonstrated. However, both you and Simmias appear to me as if you wished to sift this argument more thoroughly, and to be afraid like children, lest on the soul's departure from the body the winds should blow it away and disperse it, especially if one should happen to die not in a calm, but in a violent storm."

Upon this Cebes smiling said, "Endeavour to teach us better, Socrates, as if we were afraid, or rather not as if we were afraid, though perhaps there is some boy[f] within us, who has such a dread. Let us then endeavour to persuade him not to be afraid of death, as of hobgoblins."

[f] Some boyish spirit.

"But you must charm him every day," said Socrates, "until you have quieted his fears."

"But whence, Socrates," he said, "can we procure a skilful charmer for such a case, now that you are about to leave us?"

61. "Greece is wide, Cebes," he replied, "and in it surely there are skilful men, there are also many barbarous nations, all of which you should search through, seeking such a charmer, sparing neither money nor toil, as there is nothing on which you can more seasonably spend your money. You should also seek for him among yourselves; for perhaps you could not easily find any more competent than yourselves to do this."

"This shall be done," said Cebes, "but, if it is agreeable to you, let us return to the point from whence we digressed."

"It will be agreeable to me, for how should it not?"

"You say well," rejoined Cebes.

"We ought then," said Socrates, "to ask ourselves some such question as this, to what kind of thing it appertains to be thus affected, namely to be dispersed, and for what we ought to fear, lest it should be so affected, and for what not. And after this, we should consider which of the two the soul is; and in the result should either be confident or fearful for our soul."

"You speak truly," said he.

62. "Does it not, then, appertain to that which is formed by composition, and is naturally compounded, to be thus affected, to be dissolved in the same manner as that in which it was compounded; and if there is any thing not compounded, does it not appertain to this alone, if to any thing, not to be thus affected?"

"It appears to me to be so," said Cebes.

"Is it not most probable then that things which are always the same, and in the same state, are uncompounded, but that things which are constantly changing, and are never in the same state, are compounded?"

"To me it appears so."

"Let us return then," he said, "to the subjects on which we before discoursed. Whether is essence itself, of which we gave this account that it exists, both in our questions and answers, always the same, or does it sometimes change? Does equality itself, the beautiful itself, and each several thing which is, ever undergo any change, however small? Or does each of them which exists, being an unmixed essence by itself, continue

always the same, and in the same state, and never undergo any variation at all under any circumstances?"

"They must of necessity continue the same and in the same state, Socrates," said Cebes.

63. "But what shall we say of the many beautiful things, such as men, horses, garments, or other things of the kind, whether equal, or beautiful, or of all things synonymous with them? Do they continue the same, or, quite contrary to the former, are they never at any time, so to say, the same, either with respect to themselves or one another?"

"These on the other hand," replied Cebes, "never continue the same."

"These then you can touch, or see, or perceive by the other senses; but those that continue the same, you cannot apprehend in any other way than by the exercise of thought; for such things are invisible, and are not seen?"

"You say what is strictly true," replied Cebes.

64. "We may assume then, if you please," he continued, "that there are two species of things, the one visible, the other invisible?"

"We may," he said.

"And the invisible always continuing the same, but the visible never the same?"

"This too," he said, "we may assume."

"Come then," he asked, "is there any thing else belonging to us, than on the one hand body, and on the other soul?"

"Nothing else," he replied.

"To which species, then, shall we say the body is more like, and more nearly allied?"

"It is clear to every one," he said, "that it is to the visible."

"But what of the soul? Is it visible or invisible?"

"It is not visible to men, Socrates," he replied.

"But we speak of things which are visible or not so to the nature of men: or to some other nature, think you?"

"To that of men."

"What then shall we say of the soul, that it is visible, or not visible?"

"Not visible."

"Is it then invisible?"

"Yes."

"The soul then is more like the invisible than the body, and the body, the visible?"

"It must needs be so, Socrates."

65. "And did we not some time since say this too, that the soul, when it employs the body to examine any thing, either by means of the sight or hearing, or any other sense, (for to examine any thing by means of the body is to do so by the senses,) is then drawn by the body to things that never continue the same, and wanders and is confused, and reels as if intoxicated through coming into contact with things of this kind?"

"Certainly."

"But when it examines any thing by itself, does it approach that which is pure, eternal, immortal, and unchangeable, and, as being allied to it, continue constantly with it, so long as it subsists by itself, and has the power, and does it cease from its wandering, and constantly continue the same with respect to those things, through coming into contact with things of this kind? and is this affection of the soul called wisdom?"

"You speak," he said, "in every respect, well and truly, Socrates."

"To which species of the two, then, both from what was before, and now said, does the soul appear to you to be more like and more nearly allied?"

66. "Every one, I think, would allow, Socrates," he replied, "even the dullest person, from this method of reasoning that the soul is in every respect more like that which continues constantly the same, than that which does not so."

"But what as to the body?"

"It is more like the other."

"Consider it also thus, that, when soul and body are together, nature enjoins the latter to be subservient and obey, the former to rule and exercise dominion. And in this way, which of the two appears to you to be like the divine, and which the mortal? Does it not appear to you to be natural that the divine should rule and command, but the mortal obey and be subservient?"

"To me it does so."

"Which then, does the soul resemble?"

"It is clear, Socrates, that the soul resembles the divine, but the body, the mortal."

"Consider then, Cebes," said he, "whether, from all that has

been said, these conclusions follow, that the soul is most like that which is divine, immortal, intelligent, uniform, indissoluble, and which always continues in the same state, but that the body on the other hand is most like that which is human, mortal, unintelligent, multiform, dissoluble, and which never continues in the same state. Can we say any thing against this, my dear Cebes, to shew that it is not so?"

"We cannot."

67. "What then? Since these things are so, does it not appertain to the body to be quickly dissolved, but to the soul, on the contrary, to be altogether indissoluble, or nearly so?"

"How not?"

"You perceive, however," he said, "that when a man dies, the visible part of him, the body, which is exposed to sight, and which we call a corpse, to which it appertains to be dissolved, to fall asunder and be dispersed, does not immediately undergo any of these affections, but remains for a considerable time, and especially so if any one should die with his body in full vigour, and at a corresponding age[g]; for when the body has collapsed and been embalmed, as those that are embalmed in Egypt, it remains almost entire for an incredible length of time; and some parts of the body, even though it does decay, such as the bones and nerves, and every thing of that kind, are nevertheless, as one may say, immortal. Is it not so?"

"Yes."

68. "Can the soul, then, which is invisible, and which goes to another place like itself, excellent, pure, and invisible, and therefore truly called the invisible world[h], to the presence of a good and wise God, (whither if God will, my soul also must shortly go,) can this soul of ours, I ask, being such and of such a nature, when separated from the body be immediately dispersed and destroyed, as most men assert? Far from it, my dear Cebes and Simmias. But the case is much rather thus; if it is separated in a pure state, taking nothing of the body with it, as not having willingly communicated with it in the present life, but having shunned it and gathered itself within itself, as constantly studying this; but this is nothing else than to pursue

[g] That is, at a time of life when tne body is in full vigour.

[h] In the original there is a play on the words Ἅιδης and ἀειδης, which I can only attempt to retain by departing from the usual rendering of the former word.

philosophy aright, and in reality to study how to die easily; would not this be to study how to die?"

"Most assuredly."

"Does not the soul, then, when in this state, depart to that which resembles itself, the invisible, the divine, immortal, and wise? and on its arrival there, is it not its lot to be happy, free from error, ignorance, fears, wild passions, and all the other evils to which human nature is subject, and, as is said of the initiated, does it not in truth pass the rest of its time with the gods? Must we affirm that it is so, Cebes, or otherwise?"

"So, by Jupiter," said Cebes.

69. "But, I think, if it departs from the body polluted and impure, as having constantly held communion with the body, and having served and loved it, and been bewitched by it, through desires and pleasures, so as to think that there is nothing real except what is corporeal, which one can touch and see, and drink and eat, and employ for sensual purposes; but what is dark and invisible to the eyes, which is intellectual and apprehended by philosophy, having been accustomed to hate, fear, and shun this, do you think that a soul thus affected can depart from the body by itself, and uncontaminated?"

"By no means whatever," he replied.

"But I think it will be impressed with that which is corporeal, which the intercourse and communion of the body, through constant association and great attention, have made natural to it."

"Certainly."

"We must think, my dear Cebes, that this is ponderous and heavy, earthly and visible, by possessing which such a soul is weighed down, and drawn again into the visible world through dread of the invisible and of Hades, wandering, as it is said, amongst monuments and tombs, about which, indeed, certain shadowy phantoms of souls have been seen, being such images as those souls produced which have not departed pure from the body, but which partake of the visible, on which account also they are visible."

"That is probable, Socrates."

70. "Probable indeed, Cebes; and not that these are the souls of the good, but of the wicked, which are compelled to wander about such places, paying the penalty of their former conduct,

which was evil; and they wander about so long, until, through the desire of the corporeal nature that accompanies them, they are again united to a body; and they are united, as is probable, to animals having the same habits as those they have given themselves up to during life."

"But what do you say these are, Socrates?"

"For instance, those who have given themselves up to gluttony, wantonness, and drinking, and have put no restraint on themselves, will probably be clothed in the form of asses and brutes of that kind. Do you not think so?"

"You say what is very probable."

"And that such as have set great value on injustice, tyranny, and rapine, will be clothed in the species of wolves, hawks, and kites? Where else can we say such souls go?"

"Without doubt," said Cebes, "into such as these."

"Is it not then evident," he continued, "as to the rest, whither each will go, according to the resemblances of their several pursuits?"

71. "It is evident," he replied, "how not?"

"Of these, then," he said, "are not they the most happy, and do they not go to the best place, who have practised that social and civilized virtue, which they call temperance and justice, and which is produced from habit and exercise, without philosophy and reflection?"

"In what respect are these the most happy?"

"Because it is probable that these should again migrate into a corresponding civilized and peaceable kind of animals, such as bees perhaps, or wasps, or ants, or even into the same human species again, and from these become moderate men."

"It is probable."

"But it is not lawful for any one, who has not studied philosophy and departed this life perfectly pure, to pass into the rank of gods, but only for the true lover of wisdom. And on this account, my friends Simmias and Cebes, those who philosophize rightly abstain from all bodily desires, and persevere in doing so, and do not give themselves up to them, not fearing the loss of property and poverty, as the generality of men and the lovers of wealth; nor again dreading disgrace and ignominy like those who are lovers of power and honour, do they then abstain from them."

"For it would not become them to do so, Socrates," says Cebes.

72. "It would not, by Jupiter," he rejoined. "Wherefore, Cebes, they who care at all for their soul, and do not spend their lives in the culture of their bodies, despising all these, proceed not in the same way with them, as being ignorant whither they are going, but being convinced that they ought not to act contrary to philosophy, but in accordance with the freedom and purification she affords, they give themselves up to her direction, following her wherever she leads."

"How, Socrates?"

"I will tell you," he replied. "The lovers of wisdom know, that philosophy receiving their soul plainly bound and glued to the body, and compelled to view things through this, as through a prison, and not directly by herself, and sunk in utter ignorance, and perceiving too the strength of the prison, that it arises from desire, so that he that is bound as much as possible assists in binding himself. 73. I say, then, the lovers of wisdom know that philosophy, receiving their soul in this state, gently exhorts it, and endeavours to free it, by shewing that the view of things by means of the eyes is full of deception, as also is that through the ears and the other senses, persuading an abandonment of these so far as it is not absolutely necessary to use them, and advising the soul to be collected and concentrated within itself, and to believe nothing else but herself, with respect to what she herself understands of things that have a real subsistence, and to consider nothing true which she views through the medium of others, and which differ under different aspects[1]; for that a thing of this kind is sensible and visible, but that what she herself perceives is intelligible and invisible. The soul of the true philosopher, therefore, thinking that she ought not to oppose this deliverance, accordingly abstains as much as possible from pleasures and desires, griefs and fears, considering that when any one is exceedingly delighted or alarmed, grieved or influenced by desire, he does not merely suffer such evil from these things as one might suppose, such as either being sick or wasting his

[1] By this I understand him to mean that the soul alone can perceive the truth, but the senses, as they are different, receive and convey different impressions of the same thing; thus the eye receives one impression of an object, the ear a totally different one.

property, through indulging his desires; but that which is the greatest evil, and the worst of all, this he suffers and is not conscious of it."

"But what is this evil, Socrates?" said Cebes.

74. "That the soul of every man is compelled to be either vehemently delighted or grieved about some particular thing, and at the same time to consider that the thing about which it is thus strongly affected is most real and most true, though it is not so. But these are chiefly visible objects; are they not?"

"Certainly."

"In this state of affection, then, is not the soul especially shackled by the body?"

"How so?"

"Because each pleasure and pain, having a nail as it were, nails the soul to the body, and fastens it to it, and causes it to become corporeal, deeming those things to be true whatever the body asserts to be so. For, in consequence of its forming the same opinions with the body, and delighting in the same things, it is compelled, I think, to possess similar manners, and to be similarly nourished, so that it can never pass into Hades in a pure state, but must ever depart polluted by the body, and so quickly falls again into another body, and grows up as if it were sown, and consequently is deprived of all association with that which is divine, and pure, and uniform."

"You speak most truly, Socrates," said Cebes.

75. "For these reasons, therefore, Cebes, those who are truly lovers of wisdom are moderate and resolute, and not for the reasons that most people say. Do you think as they do?"

"Assuredly not."

"No, truly. But the soul of a philosopher would reason thus, and would not think that philosophy ought to set it free, and that when it is freed it should give itself up again to pleasures and pains, to bind it down again, and make her work void, weaving a kind of Penelope's web the reverse way. On the contrary, effecting a calm of the passions, and following the guidance of reason, and being always intent on this, contemplating that which is true and divine, and not subject to opinion, and being nourished by it, it thinks that it ought to live in this manner as long as it does live, and that when it dies it shall go to a kindred essence, and one like itself, and

shall be freed from human evils. From such a regimen as this the soul has no occasion to fear, Simmias and Cebes, while it strictly attends to these things, lest being torn to pieces at its departure from the body it should be blown about and dissipated by the winds, and no longer have an existence any where."

76. When Socrates had thus spoken, a long silence ensued; and Socrates himself was pondering upon what had been said, as he appeared, and so did most of us: but Cebes and Simmias were conversing a little while with each other. At length Socrates perceiving them, said, "What think you of what has been said? does it appear to you to have been proved sufficiently? for many doubts and objections still remain if any one will examine them thoroughly. If, then, you are considering some other subject, I have nothing to say; but if you are doubting about this, do not hesitate both yourselves to speak and express your opinion, if it appears to you in any respect that it might have been argued better, and to call me in again to your assistance, if you think you can be at all benefited by my help."

Upon this Simmias said, "Indeed, Socrates, I will tell you the truth: for some time each of us, being in doubt, has been urging and exhorting the other to question you, from a desire to hear our doubts solved, but we were afraid of giving you trouble, lest it should be disagreeable to you in your present circumstances."

77. But he, upon hearing this, gently smiled, and said, "Bless me, Simmias; with difficulty indeed, could I persuade other men that I do not consider my present condition a calamity, since I am not able to persuade even you; but you are afraid lest I should be more morose now than during the former part of my life. And, as it seems, I appear to you to be inferior to swans with respect to divination, who, when they perceive that they must needs die, though they have been used to sing before, sing then more than ever, rejoicing that they are about to depart to that deity whose servants they are. But men, through their own fear of death, belie the swans too, and say that, they lamenting their death, sing their last song through grief, and they do not consider that no bird sings when it is hungry or cold, or is afflicted with any other pain, not even the nightingale, or swallow, or the hoopoes, which they say sing

lamenting through grief. But neither do these birds appear to me to sing through sorrow, nor yet do swans; but in my opinion, belonging to Apollo, they are prophetic, and foreseeing the blessings of Hades, they sing and rejoice on that day more excellently than at any preceding time. 78. But I too consider myself to be a fellow-servant of the swans, and sacred to the same god, and that I have received the power of divination from our common master no less than they, and that I do not depart from this life with less spirits than they. On this account, therefore, it is right that you should both speak and ask whatever you please, as long as the Athenian Eleven permit."

"You say well," said Simmias, "and both I will tell you what are my doubts, and he in turn how far he does not assent to what has been said. For it appears to me, Socrates, probably as it does to you with respect to these matters, that to know them clearly in the present life is either impossible, or very difficult: on the other hand, however, not to test what has been said of them in every possible way, so as not to desist until on examining them in every point of view, one has exhausted every effort, is the part of a very weak man. For we ought with respect to these things, either to learn from others how they stand, or to discover them for one's-self, or, if both these are impossible, then, taking the best of human reasonings and that which is the most difficult to be confuted, and embarking on this, as one who risks himself on a raft, so to sail through life, unless one could be carried more safely, and with less risk, on a surer conveyance or some divine reason. 79. I, therefore, shall not now be ashamed to question you, since you bid me do so, nor shall I blame myself hereafter, for not having now told you what I think; for to me, Socrates, when I consider the matter, both with myself and with Cebes, what has been said does not appear to have been sufficiently proved."

Then said Socrates, "Perhaps, my friend, you have the truth on your side; but tell me in what respect it was not sufficiently proved."

"In this," he answered, "because any one might use the same argument with respect to harmony, and a lyre, and its chords, that harmony is something invisible and incorporeal, very beautiful and divine, in a well-modulated lyre: but the lyre and its chords are bodies, and of corporeal form, compounded and earthly, and akin to that which is mortal. When

any one, then, has either broken the lyre, or cut or burst the chords, he might maintain from the same reasoning as yours, that it is necessary the harmony should still exist and not be destroyed; for there could be no possibility that the lyre should subsist any longer when the chords are burst, and that the chords which are of a mortal nature should subsist, but that the harmony, which is of the same nature and akin to that which is divine and immortal, should become extinct, and perish before that which is mortal; but he might say that the harmony must needs subsist somewhere, and that the wood and chords must decay, before it can undergo any change. 80. For I think, Socrates, that you yourself have arrived at this conclusion, that we consider the soul to be pretty much of this kind, namely, that our body being compacted and held together by heat and cold, dryness and moisture, and other such qualities, our soul is the fusion and harmony of these, when they are well and duly combined with each other. If then, the soul is a kind of harmony, it is evident that when our body is unduly relaxed or strained through diseases and other maladies, the soul must of necessity immediately perish, although it is most divine, just as other harmonies which subsist in sounds or in the various works of artizans, but that the remains of the body of each person last for a long time, till they are either burnt or decayed. Consider then what we shall say to this reasoning, if any one should maintain that the soul being a fusion of the several qualities in the body, perishes first in that which is called death."

81. Socrates, therefore, looking stedfastly at us, as he was generally accustomed to do, and smiling, said, "Simmias indeed speaks justly. If then, any one of you is more prompt than I am, why does he not answer? for he seems to have handled my argument not badly. It appears to me, however, that before we make our reply we should first hear from Cebes, what he too objects to our argument, in order that, some time intervening, we may consider what we shall say, and then when we have heard them, we may give up to them, if they appear to speak agreeably to truth, or if not, we may then uphold our own argument. Come then, Cebes," he continued, "say what it is that disturbs you, so as to cause your unbelief."

"I will tell you," said Cebes; "the argument seems to me to rest where it was, and to be liable to the same objection that

we mentioned before. For, that our soul existed even before it came into this present form, I do not deny has been very elegantly, and, if it is not too much to say so, very fully demonstrated: but that it still exists any where when we are dead, does not appear to me to have been clearly proved; nor do I give in to the objection of Simmias, that the soul is not stronger and more durable than the body, for it appears to me to excel very far all things of this kind. 82. 'Why then,' reason might say, 'do you still disbelieve? for, since you see that when a man dies his weaker part still exists, does it not appear to you to be necessary that the more durable part should still be preserved during this period?' Consider then, whether I say any thing to the purpose in reply to this. For I too, as well as Simmias, as it seems, stand in need of an illustration: for the argument appears to me to have been put thus, as if any one should advance this argument about an aged weaver who had died, that the man has not yet perished, but perhaps still exists somewhere; and as a proof, should exhibit the garment which he wore and had woven himself, that it is entire and has not perished; and if any one should disbelieve him he would ask, whether of the two is the more durable, the species of a man or of a garment, that is constantly in use and being worn; then should any one answer, that the species of man is much more durable, he would think it demonstrated, that beyond all question the man is preserved, since that which is less durable has not perished. 83. But I do not think, Simmias, that this is the case, and do you consider what I say, for every one must think that he who argues thus argues foolishly. For this weaver, having worn and woven many such garments, perished after almost all of them, but before the last I suppose, and yet it does not on this account follow any the more that a man is inferior to or weaker than a garment. And I think the soul might admit this same illustration with respect to the body, and he who should say the same things concerning them would appear to me to speak correctly, that the soul is more durable, but the body weaker and less durable; for he would say that each soul wears out many bodies, especially if it lives many years; for, if the body wastes and is dissolved while the man still lives, but the soul continually weaves anew what is worn out, it must necessarily follow that when the soul is dissolved it must then have on its last garment, and perish before this

alone; but when the soul has perished the body would shew the weakness of its nature, and quickly rot and vanish. 84. So that it is not by any means right to place implicit reliance on this argument, and to believe that when we die our soul still exists somewhere. For, if any one should concede to him who admits even more than you do, and should grant to him that not only did our soul exist before we were born, but that even when we die nothing hinders the souls of some of us from still existing, and continuing to exist hereafter, and from being often born, and dying again; for so strong is it by nature, that it can hold out against repeated births; if he granted this, he would not yet concede that it does not exhaust itself in its many births, and at length perish altogether in some one of the deaths. But he would say that no one knows this death and dissolution of the body, which brings destruction to the soul; for it is impossible for any one of us to perceive it. If however, this be the case, it follows that every one who is confident at the approach of death is foolishly confident, unless he is able to prove that the soul is absolutely immortal and imperishable: otherwise it necessarily follows that he who is about to die must be alarmed for his soul, lest in its present disunion from the body it should entirely perish."

85. Upon this, all of us who had heard them speaking were disagreeably affected, as we afterwards mentioned to each other; because, after we had been fully persuaded by the former arguments, they seemed to disturb us anew, and to cast us into a distrust, not only of the arguments already adduced, but of such as might afterwards be urged, for fear lest we should not be fit judges of any thing, or lest the things themselves should be incredible.

Echec. By the gods, Phædo, I can readily excuse you: for, while I am now hearing you, it occurs to me to ask myself some such question as this, What arguments can we any longer believe? since the argument which Socrates advanced, and which was exceedingly credible, has now fallen into discredit. For this argument, that our soul is a kind of harmony, produces a wonderful impression on me, both now and always, and in being mentioned, it has reminded me, as it were, that I too was formerly of the same opinion: so that I stand in need again, as if from the very beginning, of some other argument which may persuade me that the soul of one who dies does not die with the body. Tell me therefore, by Jupi-

ter, how Socrates followed up the argument; and whether he too, as you confess was the case with yourselves, seemed disconcerted at all, or not, but calmly maintained his position; and maintained it sufficiently, or defectively. Relate every thing to me as accurately as you can.

Phæd. Indeed, Echecrates, though I have often admired Socrates, I was never more delighted than at being with him on that occasion. That he should be able to say something is perhaps not at all surprising; but I especially admired this in him, first of all that he listened to the argument of the young men so sweetly, affably, and approvingly; in the next place, that he so quickly perceived how we were affected by their arguments; and lastly, that he cured us so well and recalled us, when we were put to flight as it were and vanquished, and encouraged us to accompany him, and consider the argument with him.

Echec. How was that?

Phæd. I will tell you: I happened to be sitting at his right hand, near the bed, upon a low seat, but he himself sat much higher than I. Stroking my head, then, and laying hold of the hair that hung on my neck, for he used, often, to play with my hairs, "To-morrow," he said, "perhaps, Phædo, you will cut off these beautiful locks?"

"It seems likely, Socrates," said I.

87. "Not if you are persuaded by me."

"Why so?" I asked.

"To-day," he replied, "both I ought to cut off mine and you yours, if our argument must die, and we are unable to revive it. And I, if I were you, and the arguments were to escape me, would take an oath, as the Argives do, not to suffer my hair to grow until I had renewed the contest, and vanquished the arguments of Simmias and Cebes."

"But," I said, "even Hercules himself is said not to have been a match for two."

"Call upon me, then," he said, "as your Iolaus, while it is yet day."

"I do call on you, then," I said, "not as Hercules upon Iolaus, but as Iolaus upon Hercules."

"It will make no difference," he replied. "But first of all we must beware lest we meet with some mischance."

"What?" I asked.

"That we do not become," he answered, "haters of reasoning as some become haters of men; for no greater evil can happen to any one than to hate reasoning. 88. But hatred of reasoning and hatred of mankind both spring from the same source. For hatred of mankind is produced in us from having placed too great reliance on some one without sufficient knowledge of him, and from having considered him to be a man altogether true, sincere, and faithful, and then after a little while finding him depraved and unfaithful, and after him another. And when a man has often experienced this, and especially from those whom he considered his most intimate and best friends, at length, having frequently stumbled, he hates all men, and thinks that there is no soundness at all in any of them. Have you not perceived that this happens so?"

"Certainly," I replied.

"Is it not a shame?" he said, "and is it not evident that such a one attempts to deal with men, without sufficient knowledge of human affairs? For if he had dealt with them with competent knowledge, as the case really is, so he would have considered that the good and the bad are each very few in number, and that those between both are most numerous."

89. "How say you?" I asked.

"In the same manner," he replied, "as with things very little and very large. Do you think that any thing is more rare than to find a very large or a very little man, or dog, or any thing else? and again swift or slow, beautiful or ugly, white or black? Do you not perceive that of all such things the extremes are rare and few, but that the intermediate are abundant and numerous?"

"Certainly," I replied.

"Do you not think, then," he continued, "that if a contest in wickedness were proposed, even here very few would be found pre-eminent?"

"It is probable," I said.

"It is so," he said; "but in this respect reasonings do not resemble men, for I was just now following you as my leader, but in this they do resemble them, when any one believes in any argument as true without being skilled in the art of reasoning, and then shortly afterwards it appears to him to be false, at one time being so and at another time not, and so on

with one after another[k]; and especially they who devote themselves to controversial arguments, you are aware at length think they have become very wise, and have alone discovered that there is nothing sound and stable either in things or reasonings, but that all things that exist, as is the case with the Euripus, are in a constant state of flux and reflux, and never continue in any one condition for any length of time."

"You speak perfectly true," I said.

90. "Would it not then, Phædo," he said, "be a sad thing if, when there is a true and sound reasoning, and such as one can understand, one should then, through lighting upon such arguments as appear to be at one time true, and at another false, not blame one's-self and one's own want of skill, but at length through grief should anxiously transfer the blame from one's-self to the arguments, and thereupon pass the rest of one's life in hating and reviling arguments, and so be deprived of the truth and knowledge of things that exist?"

"By Jupiter," I said, "it would be sad indeed."

"In the first place, then," he said, "let us beware of this, and let us not admit into our souls the notion, that there appears to be nothing sound in reasoning, but much rather that we are not yet in a sound condition, and that we ought vigorously and strenuously to endeavour to become sound, you and the others, on account of your whole future life, but I, on account of my death, since I am in danger at the present time, of not behaving as becomes a philosopher, with respect to this very subject, but as a wrangler like those who are utterly uninformed. 91. For they, when they dispute about any thing, care nothing at all for the subject about which the discussion is, but are anxious about this, that what they have themselves advanced shall appear true to the persons present. And I seem to myself on the present occasion to differ from them only in this respect; for I shall not be anxious to make what I say appear true to those who are present, except that may happen

[k] καὶ αὖθις ἕτερος καὶ ἕτερος, that is, "with one argument after another." Though Cousin translates it *et successivement tout différent de lui-même*, and Ast, *et rursus alia atque alia*, which may be taken in either sense, yet it appears to me to mean that, when a man repeatedly discovers the fallacy of arguments which he before believed to be true, he distrusts reasoning altogether, just as one who meets with friend after friend who proves unfaithful, becomes a misanthrope.

by the way, but that it may appear certainly to be so to myself. For I thus reason, my dear friend, and observe how interestedly, if what I say be true, it is well to be persuaded of it; but if nothing remains to one that is dead, I shall at least during the interval before death, be less disagreeable to those present by my lamentations. But this ignorance of mine will not continue long, for that would be bad, but will shortly be put an end to. Thus prepared then, Simmias and Cebes," he continued, "I now proceed to my argument. Do you however, if you will be persuaded by me, pay little attention to Socrates, but much more to the truth, and if I appear to you to say any thing true, assent to it, but if not, oppose me with all your might, taking good care that in my zeal I do not deceive both myself and you, and like a bee depart leaving my sting behind."

92. "But let us proceed," he said; "first of all, remind me of what you said, if I should appear to have forgotten it. For Simmias, as I think, is in doubt and fears lest the soul, though more divine and beautiful than the body, should perish before it, as being a species of harmony. But Cebes appeared to me to grant me this, that the soul is more durable than the body, but he argued that it is uncertain to every one, whether when the soul has worn out many bodies, and that repeatedly, it does not, on leaving the last body, itself also perish, so that this very thing is death, the destruction of the soul, since the body never ceases decaying. Are not these the things, Simmias and Cebes, which we have to enquire into?"

They both agreed that they were.

"Whether, then," he continued, "do you reject all our former arguments, or some of them only, and not others?"

"Some we do," they replied, "and others not."

"What then," he proceeded, "do you say about that argument, in which we asserted that knowledge is reminiscence, and that, this being the case, our soul must necessarily have existed somewhere before it was enclosed in the body?"

93. "I, indeed," replied Cebes, "was both then wonderfully persuaded by it, and now persist in it, as in no other argument."

"And I too," said Simmias, "am of the same mind, and should very much wonder if I should ever think otherwise on that point."

"Then," Socrates said, "you must needs think otherwise,

my Theban friend, if this opinion holds good, that harmony is something compounded, and that the soul is a kind of harmony that results from the parts compacted together in the body. For surely you will not allow yourself to say that harmony was composed prior to the things from which it required to be composed. Would you allow this?"

"By no means Socrates," he replied.

"Do you perceive then," he said, "that this results from what you say, when you assert that the soul existed before it came into a human form and body, but that it was composed from things that did not yet exist? For harmony is not such as that to which you compare it; but first the lyre, and the chords, and the sounds yet unharmonized, exist, and last of all harmony is produced, and first perishes. How then will this argument accord with that?"

"Not at all," said Simmias.

94. "And yet," he said, "if in any argument, there ought to be an accordance in one respecting harmony."

"There ought," said Simmias.

"This of yours however," he said, "is not in accordance. Consider then, which of these two statements do you prefer, that knowledge is reminiscence, or the soul harmony?"

"The former, by far, Socrates," he replied, "for the latter occurred to me without demonstration, through a certain probability and speciousness whence most men derive their opinions. But I am well aware that arguments which draw their demonstrations from probabilities are idle; and unless one is on one's guard against them, they are very deceptive, both in geometry and all other subjects. But the argument respecting reminiscence and knowledge may be said to have been demonstrated by a satisfactory hypothesis. For in this way it was said that our soul existed before it came into the body, because the essence that bears the appellation of 'that which is,' belongs to it. But of this, as I persuade myself, I am fully and rightly convinced. It is therefore necessary, as it seems, that I should neither allow myself nor any one else to maintain that the soul is harmony."

95. "But what, Simmias," said he, "if you consider it thus? Does it appear to you to appertain to harmony, or to any other composition, to subsist in any other way than the very things do of which it is composed?"

"By no means."

"And indeed, as I think, neither to do any thing, nor suffer any thing else, besides what they do or suffer."

He agreed.

"It does not, therefore, appertain to harmony to take the lead of the things of which it is composed, but to follow them."

He assented.

"It is then far from being the case that harmony is moved or sends forth sounds contrariwise, or is in any other respect opposed to its parts?"

"Far indeed," he said.

"What then? is not every harmony naturally harmony, so far as it has been made to accord?"

"I do not understand you," he replied.

"Whether," he said, "if it should be in a greater degree and more fully made to accord, supposing that were possible, would the harmony be greater and more full, but if in a less degree and less fully, then would it be inferior and less full?"

"Certainly."

"Is this then the case with the soul, that, even in the smallest extent, one soul is more fully and in a greater degree, or less fully and in a less degree this very thing, a soul, than another?"

"In no respect whatever," he replied.

96. "Well then," he said, "by Jupiter, is one soul said to possess intelligence and virtue, and to be good, and another folly and vice, and to be bad? and is this said with truth?"

"With truth, certainly."

"Of those, then, who maintain that the soul is harmony, what will any one say that these things are in the soul, virtue and vice? Will he call them another kind of harmony and discord? and say that the one, the good soul, is harmonized, and, being harmony, contains within itself another harmony, but that the other is discordant, and does not contain within itself another harmony?"

"I am unable to say," replied Simmias, "but it is clear that he who maintains that opinion would say something of the kind."

"But it has been already granted," said he, "that one soul is not more or less a soul than another; and this is an admission that one harmony is not to a greater degree or more

fully, or to a less degree or less fully, a harmony, than another: is it not so?"

"Certainly."

"And that that which is neither more nor less harmony, is neither more nor less harmonized: is it so?"

"It is."

"But does that which is neither more nor less harmonized partake of more or less harmony, or an equal amount?"

"An equal amount."

97. "A soul, therefore, since it is not more or less this very thing, a soul, than another, is not more or less harmonized?"

"Even so."

"Such then being its condition, it cannot partake of a greater degree of discord or harmony?"

"Certainly not."

"And again, such being its condition, can one soul partake of a greater degree of vice or virtue than another, if vice be discord, and virtue harmony?"

"It cannot."

"Or rather, surely, Simmias, according to right reason, no soul will partake of vice, if it is harmony: for doubtless harmony, which is perfectly such, can never partake of discord?"

"Certainly not."

"Neither, therefore, can a soul, which is perfectly a soul, partake of vice."

"How can it, from what has been already said?"

"From this reasoning, then, all souls of all animals will be equally good, if at least they are by nature equally this very thing, souls?"

"It appears so to me, Socrates," he said.

"And does it appear to you," he said, "to have been thus rightly argued, and that the argument would lead to this result, if the hypothesis were correct, that the soul is harmony?"

98. "On no account whatever," he replied.

"But what," said he, "of all the things that are in man, is there any thing else that you say bears rule except the soul, especially if it be wise?"

"I should say not."

"Whether by yielding to the passions in the body, or by opposing them? My meaning is this, for instance, when heat and thirst are present, by drawing it the contrary way, so as

to hinder it from drinking, and when hunger is present, by hindering it from eating; and in ten thousand other instances we see the soul opposing the desires of the body. Do we not?"

"Certainly."

"But have we not before allowed that if the soul were harmony, it would never utter a sound contrary to the tension, relaxation, vibration, or any other affection to which its component parts are subject, but would follow, and never govern them?"

"We did allow it," he replied, "for how could we do otherwise?"

"What, then, does not the soul now appear to act quite the contrary, ruling over all the parts, from which any one might say it subsists, and resisting almost all of them through the whole of life, and exercising dominion over them in all manner of ways, punishing some more severely even with pain, both by gymnastics and medicine, and others more mildly, partly threatening, and partly admonishing the desires, angers, and fears, as if, being itself of a different nature, it were conversing with something quite different? 99. Just as Homer has done in the Odyssey[1], where he speaks of Ulysses: 'Having struck his breast, he chid his heart in the following words, Bear up, my heart; ere this thou hast borne far worse.' Do you think that he composed this in the belief that the soul was harmony, and capable of being led by the passions of the body, and not rather that it was able to lead and govern them, as being something much more divine than to be compared with harmony?"

"By Jupiter, Socrates, it appears so to me."

"Therefore, my excellent friend, it is on no account correct for us to say that the soul is a kind of harmony; for as it appears, we should neither agree with Homer, that divine poet, nor with ourselves."

"Such is the case," he replied.

"Be it so, then," said Socrates, "we have already, as it seems, sufficiently appeased this Theban harmony. But how, Cebes, and by what arguments shall we appease this Cadmus[m]?"

[1] Lib. xx. v. 7.

[m] Harmony was the wife of Cadmus, the founder of Thebes; Socrates, therefore, compares his two Theban friends, Simmias and Cebes, with them, and says that having overcome Simmias, the advocate of Harmony, he must now deal with Cebes, who is represented by Cadmus.

100. "You appear to me," replied Cebes, "to be likely to find out; for you have made out this argument against harmony wonderfully beyond my expectation. For when Simmias was saying what his doubts were, I wondered very much whether any one would be able to answer his reasoning. It therefore appeared to me unaccountable that he did not withstand the very first onset of your argument. I should not, therefore, be surprised if the arguments of Cadmus met with the same fate."

"My good friend," said Socrates, "do not speak so boastfully, lest some envious power should overthrow the argument that is about to be urged. These things, however, will be cared for by the deity, but let us, meeting hand to hand, in the manner of Homer, try whether you say any thing to the purpose. This, then, is the sum of what you enquire: you require it to be proved that our soul is imperishable and immortal; if a philosopher that is about to die, full of confidence and hope that after death he shall be far happier than if he had died after leading a different kind of life, shall not entertain this confidence foolishly and vainly. 101. But to shew that the soul is something strong and divine, and that it existed before we men were born, you say not at all hinders, but that all these things may evince, not its immortality, but that the soul is durable, and existed an immense space of time before, and knew and did many things. But that, for all this, it was not at all the more immortal, but that its very entrance into the body of a man was the beginning of its destruction, as if it were a disease, so that it passes through this life in wretchedness, and at last perishes in that which is called death. But you say that it is of no consequence whether it comes into a body once or often, with respect to our occasion of fear: for it is right he should be afraid, unless he is foolish, who does not know, and cannot give a reason to prove, that the soul is immortal. Such, I think, Cebes, is the sum of what you say; and I purposely repeat it often, that nothing may escape us, and, if you please, you may add to or take from it."

Cebes replied, "I do not wish at present either to take from or add to it; that is what I mean."

102. Socrates, then, having paused for some time, and considered something within himself, said, "You enquire into no easy matter, Cebes; for it is absolutely necessary to discuss

the whole question of generation and corruption. If you please, then, I will relate to you what happened to me with reference to them; and afterwards, if any thing that I shall say shall appear to you useful, towards producing conviction on the subject you are now treating of, make use of it."

"I do indeed wish it," replied Cebes.

"Hear my relation then. When I was a young man, Cebes, I was wonderfully desirous of that wisdom which they call a history of nature: for it appeared to me to be a very sublime thing to know the causes of every thing, why each thing is generated, why it perishes, and why it exists. And I often tossed myself upwards and downwards, considering first such things as these, whether when heat and cold have undergone a certain corruption, as some say, then animals are formed; and whether the blood is that by means of which we think, or air, or fire, or none of these, but that it is the brain that produces the perceptions of hearing, seeing, and smelling, and that from these come memory and opinion, and from memory and opinion, when in a state of rest, in the same way knowledge is produced? 103. And again considering the corruptions of these, and the affections incidental to the heavens and the earth, I at length appeared to myself so unskilful in these speculations, that nothing could be more so. But I will give you a sufficient proof of this: for I then became, by these very speculations, so very blind with respect to things which I knew clearly before, as it appeared to myself and others, that I unlearnt even the things which I thought I knew before, both on many other subjects and also this, why a man grows. For before I thought this was evident to every one, that it proceeds from eating and drinking; for that, when, from the food, flesh is added to flesh, bone to bone, and so on in the same proportion, what is proper to them is added to the several other parts, then the bulk which was small becomes afterwards large, and thus that a little man becomes a big one. Such was my opinion at that time: does it appear to you correct?"

"To me it does," said Cebes.

104. "Consider this further. I thought that I had formed a right opinion, when on seeing a tall man standing by a short one, I judged that he was taller by the head, and in like manner one horse than another: and still more clearly than

this, ten appeared to me to be more than eight, by two being added to them, and that two cubits are greater than one cubit, by exceeding it a half."

"But now," said Cebes, "what think you of these matters?"

"By Jupiter," said he, "I am far from thinking that I know the cause of these, for that I cannot even persuade myself of this, when a person has added one to one, whether the one to which the addition has been made has become two, or whether that which has been added, and that to which the addition has been made, have become two by the addition of the one to the other. For I wonder, if when each of these was separate from the other, each was one, and they were not yet two, but when they have approached nearer each other, this should be the cause of their becoming two, namely, the union by which they have been placed nearer one another. 105. Nor yet, if any person should divide one, am I able to persuade myself that this, their division, is the cause of its becoming two. For this cause is the contrary to the former one of their becoming two; for then it was because they were brought nearer to each other, and the one was added to the other; but now it is, because one is removed and separated from the other. Nor do I yet persuade myself, that I know why one is one, nor, in a word, why any thing else is produced or perishes, or exists, according to this method of proceeding; but I mix up another method of my own at random, for this I can on no account give in to.

"But having once heard a person reading from a book, written, as he said, by Anaxagoras, and which said that it is intelligence that sets in order and is the cause of all things, I was delighted with this cause, and it appeared to me in a manner to be well that intelligence should be the cause of all things, and I considered with myself, if this is so, that the regulating intelligence orders all things, and disposes each in such way as will be best for it. 106. If any one, then, should desire to discover the cause of every thing, in what way it is produced, or perishes, or exists, he must discover this respecting it, in what way it is best for it either to exist, or to suffer, or do any thing else; from this mode of reasoning, then, it is proper that a man should consider nothing else, both with respect to himself and others, than what is most excellent and best; and it necessarily follows that this same

person must also know that which is worst, for that the knowledge of both of them is the same. Thus reasoning with myself, I was delighted to think I had found in Anaxagoras a preceptor who would instruct me in the causes of things, agreeably to my own mind, and that he would inform me, first, whether the earth is flat or round, and when he had informed me, would moreover explain the cause and necessity of its being so, arguing on the principle of the better, and shewing that it is better for it to be such as it is, and if he should say that it is in the middle, that he would moreover explain how it is better for it to be in the middle; and if he should make all this clear to me, I was prepared no longer to require any other species of cause. 107. I was in like manner prepared to enquire respecting the sun, and moon, and the other stars, with respect to their velocities in reference to each other and their revolutions, and other conditions, in what way it is better for both to act and be affected as it does and is. For I never thought that after he had said that these things were set in order by intelligence, he would introduce any other cause for them than that it is best for them to be as they are: hence, I thought, that in assigning the cause to each of them, and to all in common, he would explain that which is best for each, and the common good of all. And I would not have given up my hopes for a good deal, but having taken up his books with great eagerness, I read through them as quickly as I could, that I might as soon as possible know the best, and the worst.

108. "From this wonderful hope, however, my friend, I was speedily thrown down, when, as I advance and read over his works, I meet with a man who makes no use of intelligence, nor assigns any causes for the ordering of all things, but makes the causes to consist of air, ether, and water, and many other things equally absurd. And he appeared to me to be very like one who should say, that whatever Socrates does he does by intelligence, and then, attempting to describe the causes of each particular action, should say, first of all, that for this reason I am now sitting here, because my body is composed of bones and sinews, and that the bones are hard, and have joints separate from each other, but that the sinews, being capable of tension and contraction, cover the bones, together with the flesh and skin which contains them. The

bones, therefore, being suspended in their sockets, the nerves relaxing and tightening enable me to bend my limbs as I now do, and from this cause I sit here bent up. 109. And if again, he should assign other similar causes for my conversing with you, assigning as causes voice, and air, and hearing, and ten thousand other things of the kind, omitting to mention the real causes, that since it appeared better to the Athenians to condemn me, I therefore thought it better to sit here, and more just to remain and submit to the punishment which they have ordered; for, by the dog, I think these sinews and bones would have been long ago either in Megara or Bœotia, borne thither by an opinion of that which is best, if I had not thought it more just and honourable to submit to whatever sentence the city might order, than to flee and run stealthily away. But to call such things causes is too absurd. But if any one should say that without possessing such things as bones and sinews, and whatever else I have, I could not do what I pleased, he would speak the truth; but to say that I do as I do through them, and that I act thus by intelligence, and not from the choice of what is best, would be a great and extreme disregard of reason. 110. For this would be not to be able to distinguish that the real cause is one thing, and that another without which a cause could not be a cause: which indeed the generality of men appear to me to do, fumbling as it were in the dark, and making use of strange names, so as to denominate them as the very cause. Wherefore one encompassing the earth with a vortex from heaven, makes the earth remain fixed; but another, as if it were a broad trough, rests it upon the air as its base: but the power by which these things are now so disposed that they may be placed in the best manner possible, this they neither enquire into, nor do they think that it requires any superhuman strength; but they think they will some time or other find out an Atlas stronger and more immortal than this, and more capable of containing all things, and in reality, the good, and that which ought to hold them together and contain them, they take no account of at all. I then should most gladly have become the disciple of any one who would teach me of such a cause, in what way it is. But when I was disappointed of this, and was neither able to discover it myself, nor to learn it from another, do you wish, Cebes, that I should shew you in

what way I set out upon a second voyage in search of the cause?"

111. "I wish it exceedingly," he replied.

"It appeared to me then," said he, "after this, when I was wearied with considering things that exist, that I ought to beware lest I should suffer in the same way as they do who look at and examine an eclipse of the sun, for some lose the sight of their eyes, unless they behold its image in water, or some similar medium. And I was affected with a similar feeling, and was afraid lest I should be utterly blinded in my soul through beholding things with the eyes, and endeavouring to grasp them by means of the several senses. It seemed to me, therefore, that I ought to have recourse to reasons, and to consider in them the truth of things. Perhaps, however, this similitude of mine may in some respect be incorrect; for I do not altogether admit that he who considers things in their reasons considers them in their images, more than he does who views them in their effects. However, I proceeded thus, and on each occasion laying down the reason, which I deem to be the strongest, whatever things appear to me to accord with this I regard as true, both with respect to the cause and every thing else, but such as do not accord I regard as not true. 112. But I wish to explain my meaning to you in a clearer manner; for I think that you do not yet understand me."

"No, by Jupiter," said Cebes, "not well."

"However," continued he, "I am now saying nothing new, but what I have always at other times, and in a former part of this discussion, never ceased to say. I proceed then to attempt to explain to you that species of cause which I have busied myself about, and return again to those well-known subjects, and set out from them, laying down as an hypothesis, that there is a certain abstract beauty, and goodness, and magnitude, and so of all other things; which if you grant me, and allow that they do exist, I hope that I shall be able from these to explain the cause to you, and to discover that the soul is immortal."

"But," said Cebes, "since I grant you this, you may draw your conclusion at once."

"But consider," he said, "what follows from thence, and see if you can agree with me. For it appears to me, that if there be any thing else beautiful, besides beauty itself, it is

not beautiful for any other reason than because it partakes of that abstract beauty; and I say the same of every thing. Do you admit such a cause?"

"I do admit it," he replied.

113. "I do not yet understand," he continued, "nor am I able to conceive, those other wise causes; but if any one should tell me why any thing is beautiful, either because it has a blooming florid colour, or figure, or any thing else of the kind, I dismiss all other reasons, for I am confounded by them all; but I simply, wholly, and perhaps foolishly, confine myself to this, that nothing else causes it to be beautiful, except either the presence or communication of that abstract beauty, by whatever means and in whatever way communicated: for I cannot yet affirm this with certainty, but only that by means of beauty all beautiful things become beautiful. For this appears to me the safest answer to give both to myself and others, and adhering to this, I think that I shall never fall, but that it is a safe answer both for me and any one else to give, that by means of beauty beautiful things become beautiful. Does it not also seem so to you?"

"It does."

"And that by magnitude great things become great, and greater things, greater; and by littleness less things become less?"

"Yes."

114. "You would not then approve of it, if any one said that one person is greater than another by the head, and that the less is less by the very same thing, but you would maintain that you mean nothing else than that every thing that is greater than another is greater by nothing else than magnitude, and that it is greater on this account, that is on account of magnitude, and that the less is less by nothing else than littleness, and on this account less, that is, on account of littleness, being afraid, I think, lest some opposite argument should meet you if you should say that any one is greater and less by the head; as first, that the greater is greater, and the less less, by the very same thing; and next, that the greater is greater by the head, which is small; and that it is monstrous to suppose that any one is great through something small. Should you not be afraid of this?"

To which said Cebes, smilingly, "Indeed I should."

"Should you not, then," he continued, "be afraid to say that ten is more than eight by two, and for this cause exceeds it, and not by number, and on account of number? and that two cubits are greater than one cubit by half, and not by magnitude? for the fear is surely the same."

"Certainly," he replied.

115. "What then? when one has been added to one, would you not beware of saying that the addition is the cause of its being two, or division when it has been divided; and would you not loudly assert that you know no other way in which each thing subsists, than by partaking of the peculiar essence of each of which it partakes, and that in these cases you can assign no other cause of its becoming two than its partaking of duality; and that such things as are to become two must needs partake of this, and what is to become one, of unity; but these divisions and additions, and other such subtleties, you would dismiss, leaving them to be given as answers by persons wiser than yourself: whereas you, fearing, as it is said, your own shadow and inexperience, would adhere to this safe hypothesis, and answer accordingly? But if any one should assail this hypothesis of yours, would you not dismiss him and refrain from answering him till you had considered the consequences resulting from it, whether in your opinion they agree with or differ from each other? But when it should be necessary for you to give a reason for it, would you give one in a similar way, by again laying down another hypothesis, which should appear the best of higher principles, until you arrived at something satisfactory, but at the same time you would avoid making confusion, as disputants do, in treating of the first principle and the results arising from it, if you really desire to arrive at the truth of things. 116. For they, perhaps, make no account at all of this, nor pay any attention to it, for they are able, through their wisdom, to mingle all things together, and at the same time please themselves. But you, if you are a philosopher, would act, I think, as I now describe."

"You speak most truly," said Simmias and Cebes together.

Echec. By Jupiter, Phædo, they said so with good reason: for he appears to me to have explained these things with wonderful clearness, even to one endued with a small degree of intelligence.

Phæd. Certainly, Echecrates, and so it appeared to all who were present.

Echec. And so it appears to me, who was absent, and now hear it related. But what was said after this?

As well as I remember, when these things had been granted him, and it was allowed that each several idea exists of itself[n], and that other things partaking of them receive their denomination from them, he next asked: "If then," he said, "you admit that these things are so, whether, when you say that Simmias is greater than Socrates, but less than Phædo, do you not then say that magnitude and littleness are both in Simmias?"

"I do."

117. "And yet," he said, "you must confess that Simmias's exceeding Socrates is not actually true in the manner in which the words express it; for Simmias does not naturally exceed Socrates, in that he is Simmias, but in consequence of the magnitude which he happens to have; nor, again, does he exceed Socrates, because Socrates is Socrates, but because Socrates possesses littleness in comparison with his magnitude?"

"True."

"Nor, again, is Simmias exceeded by Phædo, because Phædo is Phædo, but because Phædo possesses magnitude in comparison with Simmias's littleness?"

"It is so."

"Thus, then, Simmias has the appellation of being both little and great, being between both, by exceeding the littleness of one through his own magnitude, and to the other yielding a magnitude that exceeds his own littleness." And at the same time, smiling, he said, "I seem to speak with the precision of a short-hand writer; however, it is as I say."

He allowed it.

118. "But I say it for this reason, wishing you to be of the same opinion as myself. For it appears to me, not only that magnitude itself is never disposed to be at the same time great and little, but that magnitude in us never admits the little, nor is disposed to be exceeded, but one of two things, either to flee and withdraw when its contrary, the little, approaches it, or when it has actually come, to perish; but that it is not disposed, by sustaining and receiving littleness, to be different from what

[n] εἶναί τι, literally, "is something."

it was. Just as I, having received and sustained littleness, and still continuing the same person that I am, am this same little person: but that, while it is great, never endures to be little. And in like manner the little that is in us is not disposed at any time to become or to be great, nor is any thing else among contraries, while it continues what it was, at the same time disposed to become and to be its contrary; but in this contingency it either departs or perishes."

119. "It appears so to me," said Cebes, "in every respect."

But some one of those present, on hearing this, I do not clearly remember who he was, said, "By the gods, was not the very contrary of what is now asserted admitted in the former part of our discussion, that the greater is produced from the less, and the less from the greater, and in a word, that the very production of contraries is from contraries? But now it appears to me to be asserted that this can never be the case."

Upon this Socrates, having leant his head forward and listened, said, "You have reminded me in a manly way; you do not, however, perceive the difference between what is now and what was then asserted. For then it was said, that a contrary thing is produced from a contrary; but now, that a contrary can never become contrary to itself, neither that which is in us, nor that which is in nature. For then, my friend, we spoke of things that have contraries, calling them by the appellation of those things; but now we are speaking of those very things, from the presence of which things so called receive their appellation, and of these very things we say that they are never disposed to admit of production from each other." 120. And, at the same time looking at Cebes, "Has any thing that has been said, Cebes, disturbed you?"

"Indeed," said Cebes, "I am not at all so disposed; however, I by no means say that there are not many things that disturb me."

"Then," he continued, "we have quite agreed to this, that a contrary can never be contrary to itself."

"Most certainly," he replied.

"But further," he said, "consider whether you will agree with me in this also. Do you call heat and cold any thing?"

"I do."

"The same as snow and fire?"

"By Jupiter, I do not."

"But heat is something different from fire, and cold something different from snow?"

"Yes."

"But this, I think, is apparent to you, that snow, while it is snow, can never, when it has admitted heat, as we said before, continue to be what it was, snow and hot, but, on the approach of heat, it must either withdraw or perish?"

"Certainly."

"And again, that fire, when cold approaches it, must either depart or perish; but that it will never endure, when it has admitted coldness, to continue what it was, fire and cold?"

121. "You speak truly," he said.

"It happens then," he continued, "with respect to some of such things, that not only is the idea itself always thought worthy of the same appellation, but likewise something else which is not indeed that idea itself but constantly retains its form so long as it exists. What I mean will perhaps be clearer in the following examples. The odd in number must always possess the name by which we now call it; must it not?

"Certainly."

"Must it alone of all things, for this I ask, or is there any thing else, which is not the same as the odd, but yet which we must always call odd, together with its own name, because it is so constituted by nature, that it can never be without the odd? But this I say is the case with the number three, and many others. For consider with respect to the number three; does it not appear to you that it must always be called by its own name, as well as by that of the odd, which is not the same as the number three? Yet such is the nature of the number three, five, and the entire half of number, that though they are not the same as the odd, yet each of them is always odd. And again, two and four, and the whole other series of number, though not the same as the even, are nevertheless each of them always even: do you admit this or not?

122. "How should I not?" he replied.

"Observe then," said he, "what I wish to prove. It is this, that it appears, not only that these contraries do not admit each other, but that even such things as are not contrary to each other, and yet always possess contraries, do not appear to admit that idea which is contrary to the idea that exists in themselves, but, when it approaches, perish or depart. Shall

we not allow that the number three would first perish, and suffer any thing whatever, rather than endure, while it is still three, to become even?"

"Most certainly," said Cebes.

"And yet," said he, "the number two is not contrary to three."

"Surely not."

"Not only, then, do ideas that are contrary never allow the approach of each other, but some other things also do not allow the approach of contraries."

"You say very truly," he replied.

"Do you wish, then," he said, "that, if we are able, we should define what these things are?"

"Certainly."

"Would they not then, Cebes," he said, "be such things as whatever they occupy, compel that thing not only to retain its own idea, but also that of something which is always a contrary?

"How do you mean?"

123. "As we just now said. For you know surely, that whatever things the idea of three occupies must of necessity not only be three, but also odd?"

"Certainly."

"To such a thing, then, we assert, that the idea contrary to that form which constitutes this can never come."

"It cannot."

"But did the odd make it so?"

"Yes."

"And is the contrary to this the idea of the even?"

"Yes."

"The idea of the even, then, will never come to the three?"

"No surely."

"Three, then, has no part in the even?"

"None whatever."

"The number three is uneven?"

"Yes."

"What therefore I said should be defined, namely, what things they are which, though not contrary to some particular thing, yet do not admit of the contrary itself, as in the present instance, the number three though not contrary to the even, does not any the more admit it, for it always brings the con-

trary with it, just as the number two does to the odd, fire to cold, and many other particulars, consider then, whether you would thus define, not only that a contrary does not admit a contrary, but also that that which brings with it a contrary to that to which it approaches, will never admit the contrary of that which it brings with it. 124. But call it to mind again, for it will not be useless to hear it often repeated. Five will not admit the idea of the even, nor ten, its double, that of the odd. This double then, though it is itself contrary to something else[o], yet will not admit the idea of the odd; nor will half as much again, nor other things of the kind, such as the half and the third part admit the idea of the whole, if you follow me and agree with me that it is so."

"I entirely agree with you," he said, "and follow you."

"Tell me again, then," he said, "from the beginning; and do not answer me in the terms in which I put the question, but in different ones, imitating my example. For I say this because, besides that safe mode of answering, which I mentioned at first[p], from what has now been said, I see another no less safe one. For if you should ask me what that is, which if it be in the body will cause it to be hot, I should not give you that safe but unlearned answer, that it is heat, but one more elegant, from what we have just now said, that it is fire: nor, if you should ask me what that is, which if it be in the body, will cause it to be diseased, should I say that it is disease, but fever; nor, if you should ask what that is, which if it be in number, will cause it to be odd, should I say that it is unevenness, but unity, and so with other things. But consider whether you sufficiently understand what I mean."

125. "Perfectly so," he replied.

"Answer me then," he said, "what that is, which when it is in the body, the body will be alive?"

"Soul," he replied.

"Is not this, then, always the case?"

"How should it not be?" said he.

"Does the soul, then, always bring life to whatever it occupies?"

"It does indeed," he replied.

"Whether, then, is there any thing contrary to life or not?"

"There is," he replied.

[o] That is, to single.

[p] See § 113.

"What?"

"Death."

"The soul, then, will never admit the contrary of that which it brings with it, as has been already allowed?"

"Most assuredly," replied Cebes.

"What then? how do we denominate that which does not admit the idea of the even?"

"Uneven," he replied.

"And that which does not admit the just, nor the musical?"

"Unmusical," he said, "and unjust."

"Be it so. But what do we call that which does not admit death?"

"Immortal," he replied.

"Therefore does not the soul admit death?"

"No."

"Is the soul, then, immortal?"

"Immortal."

"Be it so," he said. "Shall we say then, that this has been now demonstrated? or how think you?"

"Most completely, Socrates."

"What then," said he, "Cebes, if it were necessary for the uneven to be imperishable, would the number three be otherwise than imperishable?"

"How should it not?"

"If, therefore, it were also necessary that what is without heat should be imperishable, when any one should introduce heat to snow, would not the snow withdraw itself, safe and unmelted? For it would not perish; nor yet would it stay and admit the heat."

"You say truly," he replied.

"In like manner, I think, if that which is insusceptible of cold were imperishable, that when any thing cold approached the fire, it would neither be extinguished nor perish, but would depart quite safe."

"Of necessity," he said.

"Must we not then of necessity," he continued, "speak thus of that which is immortal? if that which is immortal is imperishable, it is impossible for the soul to perish, when death approaches it. For, from what has been said already, it will not admit death, nor will ever be dead, just as we said that three will never be even, nor again will the odd, nor will fire

be cold, nor yet the heat that is in fire. 127. But some one may say, what hinders, though the odd can never become even by the approach of the even, as we have allowed, yet, when the odd is destroyed, that the even should succeed in its place? We could not contend with him who should make this objection, that it is not destroyed; for the uneven is not imperishable; since, if this were granted us, we might easily have contended, that on the approach of the even the odd and the three depart; and we might have contended in the same way with respect to fire, heat, and the rest; might we not?"

"Certainly."

"Wherefore, with respect to the immortal, if we have allowed that it is imperishable, the soul, in addition to its being immortal, must also be imperishable; if not, there will be need of other arguments."

"But there is no need," he said, "as far as that is concerned; for scarcely could any thing not admit of corruption, if that which is immortal and eternal is liable to it."

128. "The deity, indeed, I think," said Socrates, "and the idea itself of life, and if any thing else is immortal, must be allowed by all beings to be incapable of dissolution."

"By Jupiter," he replied, "by all men indeed, and still more, as I think, by the gods."

"Since, then, that which is immortal is also incorruptible, can the soul, since it is immortal, be any thing else than imperishable?"

"It must of necessity be so."

"When, therefore, death approaches a man, the mortal part of him, as it appears, dies, but the immortal part departs safe and uncorrupted, having withdrawn itself from death?"

"It appears so."

"The soul, therefore," he said, "Cebes, is most certainly immortal and imperishable, and our souls will really exist in Hades."

"Therefore, Socrates," he said, "I have nothing further to say against this, nor any reason for doubting your arguments. But if Simmias here or any one else has any thing to say, it were well for him not to be silent: for I know not to what other opportunity beyond the present any one can defer it, who wishes either to speak or hear about these things."

129. "But indeed," said Simmias, "neither have I any reason to doubt what has been urged; yet from the magni-

tude of the subject discussed, and from my low opinion of human weakness, I am compelled still to retain a doubt within myself with respect to what has been said."

"Not only so, Simmias," said Socrates, "but you say this well, and moreover the first hypotheses, even though they are credible to you, should nevertheless be examined more carefully; and if you should investigate them sufficiently, I think you will follow my reasoning as far as it is possible for man to do so; and if this very point becomes clear, you will enquire no further."

"You speak truly," he said.

"But it is right, my friends," he said, "that we should consider this, that if the soul is immortal, it requires our care not only for the present time, which we call life, but for all time; and the danger would now appear to be dreadful, if one should neglect it. 130. For if death were a deliverance from every thing, it would be a great gain for the wicked, when they die, to be delivered at the same time from the body, and from their vices together with the soul: but now, since it appears to be immortal, it can have no other refuge from evils, nor safety, except by becoming as good and wise as possible. For the soul goes to Hades, possessing nothing else but its discipline and education, which are said to be of the greatest advantage or detriment to the dead, on the very beginning of his journey thither. For thus it is said; that each person's demon who was assigned to him while living, when he dies conducts him to some place, where they that are assembled together must receive sentence and then proceed to Hades with that guide, who has been ordered to conduct them from hence thither. But there having received their deserts, and having remained the appointed time, another guide brings them back hither again, after many and long revolutions of time. The journey, then, is not such as the Telephus of Æschylus describes it. For he says that a simple path leads to Hades; but it appears to me to be neither simple nor one: for there would be no need of guides, nor could any one ever miss the way, if there were but one. But now it appears to have many divisions and windings; and this I conjecture from our religious and funeral rites[q]. 131. The well-ordered and wise soul, then,

[q] It is difficult to express the distinction between ὅσια and νόμιμα, the former word seems to have reference to the souls of the dead, the latter to their bodies.

both follows, and is not ignorant of its present condition; but that which through passion clings to the body, as I said before, having longingly fluttered about it for a long time, and about its visible place[r], after vehement resistance and great suffering, is forcibly and with great difficulty led away by its appointed demon. And when it arrives at the place where the others are, impure and having done any such thing as the committal of unrighteous murders or other similar actions, which are kindred to these, and are the deeds of kindred souls, every one shuns it and turns away from it, and will neither be its fellow-traveller or guide, but it wanders about, oppressed with every kind of helplessness until certain periods have elapsed: and when these are completed, it is carried of necessity to an abode suitable to it; but the soul which has passed through life with purity and moderation, having obtained the gods for its fellow-travellers and guides, settles each in the place suited to it. 132. There are indeed many and wonderful places in the earth, and it is itself neither of such a kind, nor of such a magnitude, as is supposed by those who are accustomed to speak of the earth, as I have been persuaded by a certain person."

Whereupon Simmias said, "How mean you, Socrates? For I too have heard many things about the earth, not however those things which have obtained your belief: I would therefore gladly hear them."

"Indeed, Simmias, the art of Glaucus[s] does not seem to me to be required to relate what these things are; that they are true however, appears to me more than the art of Glaucus can prove, and besides, I should probably not be able to do it, and even if I did know how, what remains to me of life, Simmias, seems insufficient for the length of the subject. However, the form of the earth, such as I am persuaded it is, and the different places in it, nothing hinders me from telling."

"But that will be enough," said Simmias.

"I am persuaded, then," said he, "in the first place, that, if the earth is in the middle of the heavens, and is of a spherical form, it has no need of air, nor of any other similar force, to prevent it from falling, but that the similarity of the heavens

[r] Its place of interment.

[s] A proverb meaning "a matter of great difficulty."

to themselves on every side, and the equilibrium of the earth itself, are sufficient to support it; for a thing in a state of equilibrium when placed in the middle of something that presses it equally on all sides cannot incline more or less on any side, but being equally affected all around remains unmoved. 133. In the first place then," he said, "I am persuaded of this."

"And very properly so," said Simmias.

"Yet further," said he, "that it is very large, and that we who inhabit some small portion of it, from the river Phasis to the pillars of Hercules, dwell about the sea, like ants or frogs about a marsh, and that many others elsewhere dwell in many similar places, for that there are every where about the earth many hollows of various forms and sizes into which there is a confluence of water, mist, and air; but that the earth itself, being pure, is situated in the pure heavens, in which are the stars, and which most persons who are accustomed to speak about such things call ether; of which these things are the sediment and are continually flowing into the hollow parts of the earth. 134. That we are ignorant, then, that we are dwelling in its hollows, and imagine that we inhabit the upper parts of the earth, just as if any one dwelling in the bottom of the sea, should think that he dwelt on the sea, and, beholding the sun and the other stars through the water, should imagine that the sea was the heavens, but through sloth and weakness should never have reached the surface of the sea, nor, having emerged and risen up from the sea to this region, have seen how much more pure and more beautiful it is than the place where he is, nor has heard of it from any one else who has seen it. This then is the very condition in which we are; for, dwelling in some hollow of the earth, we think that we dwell on the surface of it, and call the air heaven, as if the stars moved through this, being heaven itself. But this is because by reason of our weakness and sloth, we are unable to reach to the summit of the air. Since, if any one could arrive at its summit, or, becoming winged, could fly up thither, or emerging from hence, he would see,—just as with us, fishes emerging from the sea, behold what is here,—so any one would behold the things there, and if his nature were able to endure the contemplation, he would know that that is the true heaven, and the true light, and the true earth. 135. For this earth and these stones, and

the whole region here, are decayed and corroded, as things in the sea by the saltness; for nothing of any value grows in the sea, nor, in a word, does it contain any thing perfect, but there are caverns and sand, and mud in abundance, and filth, in whatever parts of the sea there is earth, nor are they at all worthy to be compared with the beautiful things with us. But on the other hand, those things in the upper regions of the earth would appear far more to excel the things with us. For, if we may tell a beautiful fable, it is well worth hearing, Simmias, what kind the things are on the earth beneath the heavens."

"Indeed, Socrates," said Simmias, "we should be very glad to hear that fable."

136. "First of all then, my friend," he continued, "this earth, if any one should survey it from above, is said to have the appearance of balls covered with twelve different pieces of leather, variegated and distinguished with colours, of which the colours found here, and which painters use, are as it were copies. But there the whole earth is composed of such, and far more brilliant and pure than these; for one part of it is purple, and of wonderful beauty, part of a golden colour, and part of white, more white than chalk or snow, and in like manner composed of other colours, and those more in number and more beautiful than any we have ever beheld. And those very hollow parts of the earth, though filled with water and air, exhibit a certain species of colour, shining among the variety of other colours, so that one continually variegated aspect presents itself to the view. In this earth, being such, all things that grow, grow in a manner proportioned to its nature, trees, flowers, and fruits; and again, in like manner, its mountains and stones possess, in the same proportion, smoothness and transparency, and more beautiful colours; of which the well-known stones here that are so highly prized are but fragments, such as sardin-stones, jaspers, and emeralds, and all of that kind. But there, there is nothing subsists that is not of this character, and even more beautiful than these. 137. But the reason of this is, because the stones there are pure, and not eaten up and decayed, like those here, by rottenness and saltness, which flow down hither together, and which produce deformity and disease in the stones and the earth, and in other things, even animals and plants. But that earth is adorned

with all these, and moreover with gold and silver, and other things of the kind: for they are naturally conspicuous, being numerous and large, and in all parts of the earth; so that to behold it is a sight for the blessed. There are also many other animals and men upon it, some dwelling in mid-earth, others about the air, as we do about the sea, and others in islands which the air flows round, and which are near the continent: and in one word, what water and the sea are to us, for our necessities, the air is to them; and what air is to us, that ether is to them. 138. But their seasons are of such a temperament that they are free from disease, and live for a much longer time than those here, and surpass us in sight, hearing, and smelling, and every thing of this kind, as much as air excels water, and ether air, in purity. Moreover, they have abodes and temples of the gods, in which gods really dwell, and voices and oracles, and sensible visions of the gods, and such-like intercourse with them; the sun too, and moon, and stars, are seen by them such as they really are, and their felicity in other respects is correspondent with these things.

"And such indeed is the nature of the whole earth, and the parts about the earth; but there are many places all round it throughout its cavities, some deeper and more open than that in which we dwell: but others that are deeper, have a less chasm than our region, and others are shallower in depth than it is here and broader. 139. But all these are in many places perforated one into another under the earth, some with narrower and some with wider channels, and have passages through, by which a great quantity of water flows from one into another, as into basins, and there are immense bulks of ever-flowing rivers under the earth, both of hot and cold water, and a great quantity of fire, and mighty rivers of fire, and many of liquid mire, some purer, and some more miry, as in Sicily there are rivers of mud that flow before the lava, and the lava itself, and from these the several places are filled, according as the overflow from time to time happens to come to each of them. But all these move up and down as it were by a certain oscillation existing in the earth. And this oscillation proceeds from such natural cause as this: one of the chasms of the earth is exceedingly large, and perforated through the entire earth, and is that which Homer[t] speaks of, 'very far

[t] Iliad, lib. viii. v. 14.

off, where is the most profound abyss beneath the earth,' which elsewhere both he and many other poets have called Tartarus. For into this chasm all rivers flow together, and from it flow out again: but they severally derive their character from the earth through which they flow. 140. And the reason why all streams flow out from thence, and flow into it, is because this liquid has neither bottom nor base. Therefore it oscillates and fluctuates up and down, and the air and the wind around it do the same; for they accompany it both when it rushes to those parts of the earth, and when to these. And as in respiration the flowing breath is continually breathed out and drawn in, so there the wind oscillating with the liquid, causes certain vehement and irresistible winds both as it enters and goes out. When, therefore, the water rushing in descends to the place which we call the lower region, it flows through the earth into the streams there and fills them, just as men pump up water. But when again it leaves those regions and rushes hither, it again fills the rivers here, and these, when filled, flow through channels and through the earth, and having severally reached the several places to which they are journeying, they make seas, lakes, rivers, and fountains. 141. Then sinking again from thence beneath the earth, some of them having gone round longer and more numerous places, and others round fewer and shorter, they again discharge themselves into Tartarus, some much lower than they were drawn up, others only a little so, but all of them flow in again beneath the point at which they flowed out. And some issue out directly opposite the place by which they flow in, others on the same side: there are also some which having gone round altogether in a circle, folding themselves once or several times round the earth, like serpents, when they had descended as low as possible, discharge themselves again: and it is possible for them to descend on either side as far as the middle, but not beyond; for in each direction there is an acclivity to the streams both ways.

"Now there are many other large and various streams, but among this great number there are four certain streams, of which the largest, and that which flows most outwardly round the earth, is called Ocean, but directly opposite this, and flowing in a contrary direction, is Acheron, which flows through other desert places, and moreover passing under the earth,

reaches the Acherusian lake, where the souls of most who die arrive, and having remained there for certain destined periods, some longer and some shorter, are again sent forth into the generations of animals. 142. A third river issues midway between these, and near its source falls into a vast region, burning with abundance of fire, and forms a lake larger than our sea, boiling with water and mud; from hence it proceeds in a circle, turbulent and muddy, and folding itself round it reaches both other places and the extremity of the Acherusian lake, but does not mingle with its water; but folding itself oftentimes beneath the earth, it discharges itself into the lower parts of Tartarus. And this is the river which they call Pyriphlegethon, whose burning streams emit dissevered fragments in whatever part of the earth they happen to be. Opposite to this again the fourth river first falls into a place dreadful and savage, as it is said, having its whole colour like cyanus[u]: this they call Stygian, and the lake, which the river forms by its discharge, Styx. This river having fallen in here, and received awful power in the water, sinking beneath the earth, proceeds, folding itself round, in an opposite course to Pyriphlegethon, and meets it in the Acherusian lake from a contrary direction. Neither does the water of this river mingle with any other, but it too, having gone round in a circle, discharges itself into Tartarus, opposite to Pyriphlegethon. Its name, as the poets say, is Cocytus.

143. "These things being thus constituted, when the dead arrive at the place to which their demon leads them severally, first of all they are judged, as well those who have lived well and piously, as those who have not. And those who appear to have passed a middle kind of life, proceeding to Acheron, and embarking in the vessels they have, on these arrive at the lake, and there dwell, and when they are purified, and have suffered punishment for the iniquities they may have committed, they are set free, and each receives the reward of his good deeds, according to his deserts: but those who appear to be incurable, through the magnitude of their offences, either from having committed many and great sacrileges, or many unjust and lawless murders, or other similar crimes, these a suitable destiny hurls into Tartarus, whence they never come forth.

[u] A metallic substance of a deep blue colour, frequently mentioned by the earliest Grecian writers, but of which the nature is unknown.

144. But those who appear to have been guilty of curable, yet great offences, such as those who through anger have committed any violence against father or mother, and have lived the remainder of their life in a state of penitence, or they who have become homicides in a similar manner, these must of necessity fall into Tartarus, but after they have fallen, and have been there for a year, the wave casts them forth, the homicides into Cocytus, but the parricides and matricides into Pyriphlegethon: but when, being borne along, they arrive at the Acherusian lake, there they cry out to and invoke, some those whom they slew, others those whom they injured, and invoking them, they entreat and implore them to suffer them to go out into the lake, and to receive them, and if they persuade them, they go out, and are freed from their sufferings, but if not, they are borne back to Tartarus, and thence again to the rivers, and they do not cease from suffering this until they have persuaded those whom they have injured, for this sentence was imposed on them by the judges. 145. But those who are found to have lived an eminently holy life, these are they, who, being freed and set at large from these regions in the earth, as from a prison, arrive at the pure abode above, and dwell on the upper parts of the earth. And among these, they who have sufficiently purified themselves by philosophy shall live without bodies, throughout all future time, and shall arrive at habitations yet more beautiful than these, which it is neither easy to describe, nor at present is there sufficient time for the purpose.

"But for the sake of these things which we have described, we should use every endeavour, Simmias, so as to acquire virtue and wisdom in this life; for the reward is noble, and the hope great.

"To affirm positively, indeed, that these things are exactly as I have described them, does not become a man of sense; that however either this, or something of the kind, takes place with respect to our souls and their habitations—since our soul is certainly immortal—this appears to me most fitting to be believed, and worthy the hazard for one who trusts in its reality; for the hazard is noble, and it is right to allure ourselves with such things, as with enchantments; for which reason I have prolonged my story to such a length. 146. On account of these things, then, a man ought to be confident

about his soul, who during this life has disregarded all the pleasures and ornaments of the body as foreign from his nature, and who, having thought that they do more harm than good, has zealously applied himself to the acquirement of knowledge, and who having adorned his soul not with a foreign but its own proper ornament, temperance, justice, fortitude, freedom, and truth, thus waits for his passage to Hades, as one who is ready to depart whenever destiny shall summon him. You then," he continued, "Simmias and Cebes, and the rest, will each of you depart at some future time; but now destiny summons me, as a tragic writer would say, and it is nearly time for me to betake myself to the bath; for it appears to me to be better to drink the poison after I have bathed myself, and not to trouble the women with washing my dead body."

147. When he had thus spoken, Crito said, "So be it, Socrates, but what commands have you to give to these or to me, either respecting your children, or any other matter, in attending to which we can most oblige you?"

"What I always say, Crito," he replied, "nothing new; that by taking care of yourselves you will oblige both me and mine, and yourselves, whatever you do, though you should not now promise it; but if you neglect yourselves, and will not live as it were in the footsteps of what has been now and formerly said, even though you should promise much at present, and that earnestly, you will do no good at all."

"We will endeavour then so to do," he said; "but how shall we bury you?"

"Just as you please," he said, "if only you can catch me, and I do not escape from you." 148. And at the same time smiling gently, and looking round on us, he said; "I cannot persuade Crito, my friends, that I am that Socrates who is now conversing with you, and who methodizes each part of the discourse; but he thinks that I am he whom he will shortly behold dead, and asks how he should bury me. But that which I some time since argued at length, that when I have drunk the poison I shall no longer remain with you, but shall depart to some happy state of the blessed, this I seem to have urged to him in vain, though I meant at the same time to console both you and myself. Be ye then my sureties to Crito," he said, "in an obligation contrary to that which he made to the

judges; for he undertook that I should remain; but do you be sureties that, when I die, I shall not remain, but shall depart, that Crito may more easily bear it, and when he sees my body either burnt or buried, may not be afflicted for me, as if I suffered some dreadful thing, nor say at my interment that Socrates is laid out, or is carried out, or is buried. 149. For be well assured," he said, "most excellent Crito, that to speak improperly is not only culpable as to the thing itself, but likewise occasions some injury to our souls. You must have a good courage then, and say that you bury my body, and bury it in such a manner as is pleasing to you, and as you think is most agreeable to our laws."

When he had said thus he rose, and went into a chamber to bathe, and Crito followed him, but he directed us to wait for him. We waited, therefore, conversing among ourselves about what had been said, and considering it again, and sometimes speaking about our calamity, how severe it would be to us, sincerely thinking that, like those who are deprived of a father, we should pass the rest of our life as orphans. When he had bathed, and his children were brought to him, for he had two little sons and one grown up, and the women belonging to his family were come, having conversed with them in the presence of Crito, and given them such injunctions as he wished, he directed the women and children to go away, and then returned to us. And it was now near sun-set; for he spent a considerable time within. 150. But when he came from bathing he sat down, and did not speak much afterwards; then the officer of the Eleven came in, and standing near him, said, "Socrates, I shall not have to find that fault with you that I do with others, that they are angry with me, and curse me, when, by order of the archons, I bid them drink the poison. But you, on all other occasions during the time you have been here, I have found to be the most noble, meek, and excellent man of all that ever came into this place: and, therefore, I am now well convinced that you will not be angry with me, for you know who are to blame, but with them. Now, then, for you know what I came to announce to you, farewell, and endeavour to bear what is inevitable as easily as possible." And at the same time, bursting into tears, he turned away and withdrew.

151. And Socrates, looking after him, said, "And thou, too, farewell, we will do as you direct." At the same time turning

to us, he said, "How courteous the man is; during the whole time I have been here he has visited me, and conversed with me sometimes, and proved the worthiest of men; and now how generously he weeps for me. But come, Crito, let us obey him, and let some one bring the poison, if it is ready pounded, but if not, let the man pound it."

Then Crito said, "But I think, Socrates, that the sun is still on the mountains, and has not yet set. Besides, I know that others have drunk the poison very late, after it had been announced to them, and have supped and drunk freely, and some even have enjoyed the objects of their love. Do not hasten then, for there is yet time."

Upon this Socrates replied, "These men whom you mention, Crito, do these things with good reason, for they think they shall gain by so doing, and I too with good reason shall not do so; for I think I shall gain nothing by drinking a little later, except to become ridiculous to myself, in being so fond of life, and sparing of it when none any longer remains. Go then," he said, "obey, and do not resist."

152. Crito having heard this, nodded to the boy that stood near. And the boy having gone out, and staid for some time, came, bringing with him the man that was to administer the poison, who brought it ready pounded in a cup. And Socrates, on seeing the man, said, "Well, my good friend, as you are skilled in these matters, what must I do?"

"Nothing else," he replied, "than when you have drunk it walk about, until there is a heaviness in your legs, then lie down; thus it will do its purpose." And at the same time he held out the cup to Socrates. And he having received it very cheerfully, Echecrates, neither trembling, nor changing at all in colour or countenance, but, as he was wont, looking stedfastly at the man, said, "What say you of this potion, with respect to making a libation to any one, is it lawful or not?"

"We only pound so much, Socrates," he said, "as we think sufficient to drink."

"I understand you," he said, "but it is certainly both lawful and right to pray to the gods, that my departure hence thither may be happy; which therefore I pray, and so may it be." And as he said this he drank it off readily and calmly. Thus far, most of us were with difficulty able to restrain our-

selves from weeping, but when we saw him drinking, and having finished the draught, we could do so no longer; but in spite of myself the tears came in full torrent, so that, covering my face, I wept for myself, for I did not weep for him, but for my own fortune, in being deprived of such a friend. But Crito, even before me, when he could not restrain his tears, had risen up. 154. But Apollodorus even before this had not ceased weeping, and then bursting into an agony of grief, weeping and lamenting, he pierced the heart of every one present, except Socrates himself. But he said, "What are you doing, my admirable friends? I indeed, for this reason chiefly, sent away the women, that they might not commit any folly of this kind. For I have heard that it is right to die with good omens. Be quiet, therefore, and bear up."

When we heard this we were ashamed, and restrained our tears. But he, having walked about, when he said that his legs were growing heavy, laid down on his back; for the man so directed him. And at the same time he who gave him the poison, taking hold of him, after a short interval examined his feet and legs; and then having pressed his foot hard, he asked if he felt it: he said that he did not. And after this he pressed his thighs; and thus going higher, he shewed us that he was growing cold and stiff. Then Socrates touched himself, and said, that when the poison reached his heart he should then depart. 155. But now the parts around the lower belly were almost cold; when uncovering himself, for he had been covered over, he said, and they were his last words, "Crito, we owe a cock to Æsculapius; pay it, therefore, and do not neglect it."

"It shall be done," said Crito, "but consider whether you have any thing else to say."

To this question he gave no reply; but shortly after he gave a convulsive movement, and the man covered him, and his eyes were fixed; and Crito, perceiving it, closed his mouth and eyes.

This, Echecrates, was the end of our friend, a man, as we may say, the best of all of his time that we have known, and moreover, the most wise and just.